WITH THE YACHT, CAMERA, & CYCLE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

EARL OF CAVAN, K.P.

1954

1954.

WITH THE

YACHT, CAMERA, AND CYCLE

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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COMMODORE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

LORD CAVAN, LADY E. LAMBART, MISS DIMSDALE, MISS CLARKE.

WITH THE YACHT, CAMERA, AND CYCLE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY THE

EARL OF CAVAN, K.P.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE had three objects in view in publishing this work. Primarily, to convey to the navigator or yachtsman, who, for the first time, may be visiting some of the ports in the Mediterranean, of which I give photographs, an idea of the appearance those places are likely to present to him, on his approach. Secondly, to describe to the tourist, in abbreviated form, some of the principal objects of interest he will find in each locality. And, thirdly, to convey to the bicyclist all the information I could obtain, with regard to the best roads suitable for his use in or near the places I have visited, and what facilities there are in the towns here described for hiring or landing cycles.

Every navigator will appreciate the advantage of having a picture before him of the port he is about to make. Admirable, in every respect, as are the Admiralty charts, many of which contain sketches of lighthouses and headlands, they cannot convey, distinctly to the navigator's mind, the exact appearance of the port he is about to visit. A photograph or picture of the place, as it appears in the offing, will supply the want.

The descriptions given of various ports in the "Mediterranean Pilot," and in "Murray's Guide," are all that can possibly be wished, but no description, however perfect, and however concise, can take the place of an accurate picture of the spot about to be visited. The photographs here given will, therefore, to some extent, it is hoped, be found useful. In regard to letterpress, I have availed myself very largely of the information contained in both books alluded to above; to the authors of which I offer my fullest acknowledgments and very sincere thanks.

I am further indebted to Mr. A. G. Bagot, author of "Shooting and Yachting in the Mediterranean," and to Mr. Lee Meriwether, the

author of "Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean." The information contained in these works has been of great utility to me, and I have made very free use of their previously gained experience.

Should the attempt which I am now making prove acceptable to the public, I should feel encouraged, in a further effort, to complete my work, by obtaining photographs and giving information in reference to those ports which I have not hitherto visited. Not until the tourist has laid before him pictures, as well as descriptions, of all the principal towns in the Mediterranean, will he be able to form any adequate idea of the places it may be the most desirable to visit.

To bicyclists, who may desire to become acquainted with towns on the shores of the Mediterranean, I have only a few words to say. If a yachtsman, I would certainly advise that a bicycle, or bicycles, should be considered a part of the yacht's equipment. The owner will not regret, at the end of his voyage, the very little room taken up by them. On the other hand, if the tourist should not be the possessor of a

yacht, he will find it more convenient to hire his cycle in the towns he may visit, particularly as, during the last three or four years, the number of bicycle shops has largely increased in all Mediterranean seaport towns.

It remains only for me to acknowledge, to the fullest extent in my power, the admirable services of the photographer, who has given her undivided attention to the production of the pictures here given, many of them taken under very adverse circumstances.

My best thanks are also due to the London Stereoscopic Company, for the care they have bestowed in the printing of these photographs; and to the makers of the "Premier" bicycle, which I rode on every opportunity when I landed, and which remained, at the end of the tour, in as good a condition as when I started.

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Chapter I.

"THE grand object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean," said Dr. Johnson. Now, neither Asiatic, African, nor American travellers would agree to this, but to European travellers it still remains a truism and one of the most delightful of truisms.

How can it be seen best?

To yachtsmen there can be but one answer. So fit out with all expedition in the Autumn. Make up a suitable party. Give every member of the party something definite to do, and this will be found wonderfully to increase the interest to each one. In our case these preliminaries have been settled, and we call a meeting of all concerned, with the following result.

We are all agreed as to what we will *not* do. We will not cross the Bay of Biscay in the yacht. The *Roseneath*, though the best sea boat afloat, in her owner's opinion, is only 200 tons. She is a schooner of small auxiliary power and should get to Gibraltar in about seven days. But go out in her we will not. So the proverbial three courses are open to us: we can go out rapidly overland *viâ* Paris and Madrid,

sleeping two nights in the train and one in Madrid, cost about £17 a head; or we may take a week in reaching our destination, sleeping comfortably every night, cost about £25 a head. The third course is to go out by steamer, either P. and O. or Orient Line, cost about £13 a head. After some discussion, we decide to go to Gibraltar by the *Ormuz*, one of the Orient Line of steamers.

On previous voyages the *Roseneath's* party has usually consisted of three ladies and one gentleman, besides the owner. On this occasion four ladies and the owner will complete the party; I shall call them for brevity, by the Christian names they call each other. Ellen is my daughter. Her duties are various. She is at once chaperone, songstress and general superintendent of our comforts. Olive is our violinist, photographer, pianist, and can pull a boat or steer the yacht better than 19 seamen out of 20. Mary is head pianist and is to be made generally useful; she is our new hand on board. Constance is head nurse if anyone gets ill; she has on former voyages shown herself an adept. She is good at card tricks and puzzles of all sorts. She is also our skirt dancer—an accomplishment as rare as it is graceful—at any rate *she* dances it most gracefully. The whole party speak French and Italian more or less well, and Olive and Mary speak German. For some reason, best known to themselves, Constance's education has seemed to the girls to have been neglected: I do not share this opinion. Nevertheless she is set daily tasks in French and Italian, and her slight mistakes are corrected by Ellen in a manner which suffers nothing from want of lucidity. Is

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, DISTANT 8 MILES, W. BY S.

ENTRANCE TO GIBRALTAR HARBOUR.

GIBRALTAR HARBOUR.

EASTERN PORTION OF GIBRALTAR ROCK, BEARING N.W., DISTANT 1 MILE.

Mary deficient in any respect? A short experience teaches us that we have all much to learn from her, both in music and languages. There is a piano on board the yacht, and all lessons and practising are begun after breakfast and last till lunch, when we are at sea, and the weather not too rough. In harbour, we are sight-seeing for the first few days, then lessons in the morning, with sight-seeing in the afternoon, and opera, when possible, in the evening. Such is the ordinary routine of our yachting life. Now for particulars.

Leaving London at 11 a.m., November 16th, 1894, we proceed by train and tender on board the *Ormuz*. A really splendid steamer is she. Upwards of 6,000 tons burden and 10,000 horse power. Cabins, food, ventilation, baths, all are perfect on board her, and she is as steady at sea as any vessel can be. Nevertheless, we have hardly got abreast of Margate before some of our passengers show signs of illness, and at dinner there is ample room for the hungry. The yacht, delayed by stormy weather and head seas, has only left Plymouth thirty hours in advance of the *Ormuz*, so we ascertain on our arrival at that port. This means a wait for us at Gibraltar. Rooms at Gibraltar are therefore telegraphed for; shall we get them? *Nous verrons.* Sailing from Plymouth on the evening of the 17th, we find rough weather at first in the Channel, then fair weather on the whole till our arrival just outside the Straits of Gibraltar, when a strong Easterly gale springs up. On Wednesday, November 21st, we arrive and find good quarters at the "Royal Hotel," but better at the "Bristol" two days later. On the 23rd,

a yacht comes in and gives us the news that four days previously she had left Falmouth in company with the *Roseneath*, both having previously put in for shelter. Our yacht, her Captain informs us, should arrive on 27th or 28th. In the meantime we "do" Gibraltar. The summit of the Rock, 1,300 feet in height, is reached in company with the Governor's A.D.C. No civilians can now visit this station without an officer in attendance. No sketches or photographs may be taken, and we must reach the exit gates before sunset, to avoid being locked in. The monkeys to-day are nowhere to be seen; they exist, nevertheless. "Murray's Guide" gives a list of the animals to be found on the Rock. Porcupines are not, however, to be found here; otherwise the list is correct. No shooting is allowed, and partridges and wild ducks abound in consequence. A few wild cats still exist, but they are seldom seen. The Garrison races were going on when we arrived, and we much enjoyed the racing, which was good. Barbs are almost exclusively in use here for hunting and racing purposes. Amusements abound. Hunting, racing, football, cricket, and lawn tennis are all to be enjoyed on the Rock. Opera companies sometimes give performances here. Curiously enough photography is a forbidden luxury as a rule, photographs are nevertheless freely sold in the shops. Permission to photograph is essential, and we obtained a few good views of the Rock from the sea. On this point enquire at Government House.

Our bicycles were of no use, as outside the English lines there are absolutely no roads. At Algeciras, the price of landing bicycles is 8 Spanish dollars for

30 kilogs of weight; so two bicycles, each weighing 31 lbs., can be landed and used. The road to Tarifa is good, and the enthusiast can venture on to Cadiz on a road which presents few attractions but which is still possible. Fire arms are not allowed to be landed, but if I thought of going along this road, I would conceal a revolver about me.

Of Hotels, the "Bristol" is the best, and the charges are not unusually high. I cannot say the same of the others. Next to the "Bristol," I think for convenience I would go to the "Royal," whose proprietor seeks always to oblige. Porterage and boating are only to be secured by bargaining, and very extortionate demands are at first made.

Messrs. Smith, the P. and O. agents, are the best coal merchants. Water can, as a rule, only be got by water tanks from ship chandlers; this water requires boiling before using. Government water can only be very rarely secured by yachts. This, IF obtained, is really good.

Courtesy is the order of the day, and, from the Governor down to the lowest official, all do their utmost to oblige, and to dinners, balls, teas, &c., we are most kindly invited. Information is easily obtained by a little diplomacy and tact.

The *Roseneath* arrived on November 27th, eight days out from Falmouth, and we joined her after she had been coaled and watered. Men companions might perhaps have growled at the delay in starting. The girls, however, seemed to have enjoyed their few days at Gibraltar, they are not long in getting ready to embark, indeed, they have everything on board in an hour after the order was given. Their cabins are

models of order in an equally short space of time, and we only hope that the ever present Easterly winds of November and December may moderate on the morning of to-morrow, November 29th. Not, however, till December 4th, is it possible to leave our anchorage. Gales, principally from the Eastward but working round to the North-West, succeeded each other with great rapidity. We hear three steamers are missing, all outward bound from England.

The yacht did not arrive without accident. Being insured, the damage is reported to Lloyds' surveyor, who comes on board, inspects the ship's log, and compares the accident there reported with what he finds damaged on board; reports the same to Lloyds, and gives us leave to proceed to sea; the harm done not being of a nature to effect her seaworthiness, he gives us a bill estimating damage and an order to make it good at the first suitable port. Yacht owners not used to making claims for damages please note the necessary precautions. But to return. On December 4th, with a favourable wind and steam, we reach Malaga at tea-time, having left at the breakfast-hour (8 a.m.).

Joy of joys to the owner's heart! *All* the girls have proved good sailors, and the pleasure of having now fairly started on our trip puts us all in excellent spirits. Considering the exceptionally bad weather, our photographs have not come out so badly. Better weather, however, will put this and many other things to rights.

MALAGA.

MALAGA HARBOUR.

AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR.

A CORNER OF MALAGA.

CAPE TENEZ—W. BY S., 4 MILES.

Chapter II.

BETWEEN 7 and 8 in the morning of December 6th, the sun was shining on Malaga, and my companion with her photographic machine got some really splendid views of the town and harbour. Malaga was looking its very best, eight days of continuous rain had washed it as clean as in this generation it will ever be. Dirty its inhabitants have always been and probably will always remain; this we note in passing, so we turn our attention to the foliage surrounding the town, which is looking its very greenest and best.

The outside of the unfinished cathedral is looking grand. Inside, masses are being said, which hardly anyone attends. From Catholic, as well as independent sources, I learn that it is many years since the male portion of the community, with few exceptions, attended Church, except for the purpose of meeting their lady friends, and now the female population (so we were informed by a lady resident) are rapidly following their male relations, and, in many cases, cannot be induced to go to Church on any pretence whatsoever. "I try all I can," said my informant, "to get my servants to go to Church, but one and all give the same answer." "The priests only ask us to

go to confession, mass, and confirmation to get our money," so go they will not. Some rich families, I hear, are very pious, and do what they can amongst their humbler friends, but they have an uphill task. The Little Sisters of the poor give a sad account of the support given them by the inhabitants, but they speak most highly of the English and American yachting community and tourists, who, to my mind, show a wise discretion in never letting these sisters go away empty handed. They are, indeed, the "salt of the earth" here. Certainly no part of earth requires salt more. But why is the Cathedral unfinished? "Finish it and we shall have to pay Peter's Pence," is the remarkable reason given by a sincere Catholic to our Consul. The Consul at Malaga is a discreet man and makes no reply. He is certainly a model Consul is this same Mr. Finn, and his charming wife is as suited to her position as her husband.

In the *Queen* newspaper of November 24th, 1894, the Consul gives a very different account of Malaga from that of a gentleman who detailed his experiences of the place in the *Standard* of November 5th.

I shall endeavour to read between the lines of both, while I desire to express my obligation to Mr. Finn for having largely quoted from his contribution.

I found good water supplied to yachts at about 4*s.* 10*d.* a ton; coals at 30*s.* a ton. At Gibraltar coals were at 19*s.* a ton, same quality. Anchorage at Malaga for yachts far superior to that at Gibraltar. The best wine, red and white, that the world produces can be bought here, and, of course, the best

raisins. I have had two agents or interpreters, as they call themselves, one when I visited the place in 1893, and one on the present occasion. The first over-charged me, the second was a drunken brute. Bread is cheap and good; all other provisions are dear and indifferent. Streets and drainage improving. Good lawn tennis and boating clubs. Bicycles can be landed free of charge, after a permit has been obtained from the Custom House. For bicycle riding, the road to Velez—Malaga, 20 miles, is fairly good, and 10 miles of the road leading to Torremolinos is also fair travelling. I should not, however, recommend a tourist to bring his own machine here. It would not pay. I know of no town in any country where money (if I may use the expression) knocks more loudly at the door begging to come in. It would literally pour in if suitable houses could be built, and some trouble could or would be taken by the authorities to encourage the purchase of land, the building of houses, and the improvement of roads. The climate is the finest in the world for nine months out of every year, and by no means too hot for the other three, high up on the adjoining hills.

It rains only twenty-nine days in the year on an average. The soil is admirable for garden and building purposes. Our four ladies all revelled in the sight of the splendid foliage, but "Oh, the dirt of the streets." There was no opera to go to, and the ladies had evidently seen enough of Spain for this visit. At dinner I was informed that they none of them cared to visit Cartagena, and that they wanted to get to Africa as soon as possible. So we get ready for a start on the next morning.

On December 7th, at 10 a.m., we were at sea steaming for Oran, with a fine Westerly breeze to help our engines. Under easy steam and sail we make 9 knots. Soon 10 knots, wind increasing. By 4, a whole gale was blowing and a heavy sea rising. We hold a council of war and determined to run in under shelter to Roquetas, a capital temporary anchorage. Mary was very ill, but recovered wonderfully after we anchored.

The next morning, December 8th, we weighed early with a light Westerly wind to help us. All day and night at sea. First we made the land at the head of Oran Bay, and then coasted along with beautiful weather and a moderate Westerly breeze to Algiers, arriving December 10th, making a good run with an average of 10 knots an hour. All the girls well and looking forward to a possible opera, bicycle rides, and civilization.

Of all the harbours I have ever visited, and I have been nearly all over the world, Algiers is the most inconvenient as regards the help given to vessels on arrival. No one tells you where you may anchor, and every yacht, after anchoring, is told she is in the wrong place. We had *only* to weigh again twice, and were less than four hours finding a berth which would suit the authorities; some vessels have been much longer. The bill of health, to be presented on arrival and again delivered before departure, takes three hours to examine and stamp. Coal, good at 20*s*. a ton; water at 5 frs. a ton. Repairs of all sorts are really well done here, but require careful attention as regards price and time. We make good our damages; £35 worth to be charged to Lloyds' insurance.

ALGIERS.

ALGIERS HARBOUR.

PLACE DE GOUVERNEMENT, ALGIERS.

MOSQUE OF DJAMA EL DJEDID, ALGIERS.

I had some difficulty in keeping the price down. I wonder if the underwriters will be grateful?—of course not. Does my reader want to know about Algiers? Then "Murray's Guide," or "Harris's Practical Guide," will tell you nearly all you want to know. I can only supply a few additions; here they are.

The price of houses is going down. Ground for building, near the town, from 3 to 5 frs. a square metre. Plenty to do in the way of excursions. Bicycles can be landed for the day free of charge, but a permit is required from the Custom House. Roads good, and riding very easy. Be particular about your lights after sunset,—this *most* important. Opera House good, and charges very reasonable. The orchestra, though small, is really excellent, and the singers fairly good. Capital Cafés just outside the house. Boats, half a franc to come on shore or go on board, or for exclusive use 5 frs. a day. Hotels are good and reasonable, but the restaurants are excellent, and I should always take my meals there if I lived on shore. Olive and myself always lunched at one of these before our bicycle rides, when we went short distances. Mary has a shoal of introductions to everybody, and Ellen, Constance, and Mary are doing society almost as severely as they would during a London season. The *Chivey Chase* yacht is laying near us, and we are entertained in the evening with some charming music. Photography is much indulged in by Olive, who takes the natives when they least expect it.

We could be happy here for at least a month, but we must be off soon, so prepare for departure at 10 a.m., December 16th. Comfortably after breakfast, we go

to sea, and all looks promising, so we arrange to be at sea all night and push on to Philippeville. The wind, which was fresh from the Northward at 9 a.m., increased to a gale by 12 o'clock, and a very heavy sea rose. That night will long be remembered by us all. Mary slept (she says) one whole hour, but no one else slept at all, except for about 10 minutes at a time. I never closed my eyes, and was on deck in the wind and rain most of the night, and, indeed, until I brought the yacht into Philippeville harbour at 12 a.m., on the 17th, I never rested. Curiously enough, I did not feel tired. I suppose responsibility and anxiety kept me up. The girls are at lunch at 1 o'clock, and then, with one consent, we all went to sleep for a few hours. I never was on board a quieter vessel than the *Roseneath* at 3.30 on that Monday afternoon. Captain Douglas (my navigating officer) was of the greatest assistance to me. I have seldom met his equal, and never his superior, as a practical seaman and navigator. The men all behaved well, and richly deserved the grog I served out to them. I omitted to state that we took a pilot at the entrance of the harbour. His boat's crew assisted us in mooring our stern to the breakwater, and, with 60 fathoms on our starboard chain, we lay as comfortably as a vessel could. Water and coal can be obtained by going alongside the wharf, but we had coal enough on board for our purpose, and got fresh water by the simple process of filling the gig with it from the shore and pumping her out.

Next day, December 18th, the girls and myself went to Constantine, and stayed at the "Louvre Hotel" very comfortably till the 20th, when we

CONSTANTINE.

GORGE DU RHUMMEL, CONSTANTINE.

CATHEDRAL, CONSTANTINE.

INTERIOR OF THE PALACE, CONSTANTINE.

CONSTANTINE.

FRENCH CAVALRY EXERCISING, CONSTANTINE.

returned. The distance by rail is about 40 English miles, which the train accomplishes in four hours. It takes about six hours by bicycle, and the road is excellent, indeed all the roads out of Philippeville are excellent for bicycling, and there is not much trouble in landing the machines. A little civility at the Custom House does it. Interpreters and guides are useless except to extort money. This is also the case at Constantine. Every one visiting North Africa should go to Constantine, the Cartha (city) of the Carthaginians and the Cirta of the Romans. It was rebuilt in 320, after being destroyed in the wars of Maxentius. The population is roughly about 50,000. Arabs form the largest part, the Jews come next, and the French conquerors least in number. Olive took several interesting photographs of the place. As the finest natural fortress in the world, it is of more than common interest to military men. To the bicyclist it offers every attraction. The roads are really good, except in rainy weather. There is a capital bicycle shop in the city, and all the finest views of this unique fortress can be got from the roads round. A deep gorge divides the city into two, and can, to my mind, be best seen from the bridge which joins the two halves, leaving an impression which cannot well be forgotten. The hill commanding the town on the North side, which is surmounted by a fort standing at a height of 2,700 feet above the sea level, must be visited to get a general view of Constantine. Mary and myself walked up it. Vegetables were growing well round the fort, even at this elevation and in December. The officer in charge of the fort was most civil, and showed us all the points

of interest round. He was accompanied by his pet monkey, which he carried affectionately. A small pet deer also watched us with interest, while 12 Arabian vultures *(v. monachus)* circle round us. Olive, Ellen, and Constance go sight-seeing in the town. They were much impressed by the devotions of the Arabs in their Mosque, and the musical recitation of their prayers was very striking.

The palace of the late Arab Governor, previous to the conquest of the French in 1830, was a point of great interest to all the girls. The Harem attached to it used to contain 350 ladies. It is now the residence of the French Military Commander. Photographing is not, strictly speaking, allowed here, so we only secured two photos, by a process which I shall not describe. The portress who showed us round was amenable to reason, we repaid her kindness by not taking pictures of any portion of the building which might be used for defensive purposes. I hope we did not do harm to anyone, and I fancy we did a little good. The Cathedral (Roman Catholic) near is an old converted Mosque. The pulpit has, during the last hundred years, contained preachers to seekers after God whose faiths are diametrically opposed. No one seems the worse for either form of worship. Let us hope both have been or are the better. There seems little love lost between conquerors and conquered, but the Arab could not be expected to take very kindly to his master. What a handsome man is this aforesaid Arab. The girls, girl like, vie with each other in declaring that each has seen the finest and handsomest native. One Apollo was at prayer, another was riding a donkey, a third

PHILLIPEVILLE.

ENTRANCE TO BONE.

VIEW OF BONE FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE—CHRISTMAS DAY, 1894.

ZOUAVES AT BONE.

was trying to cheat us into buying something worthless, a fourth was washing his clothes; I discreetly refrain from offering an opinion. There are many occasions when man had better be silent, this I considered one.

On the 20th, we return to our yacht at Philippeville, and hoped to sail next morning. A falling glass, a gale and hail showers, intense in their coldness, induce us to wait for better times. "Why did we leave England?" is on every lip when we meet at breakfast. It takes two stoves, even in our small saloon, to warm us.

On the 23rd, however, we reach Bone, after a very stormy passage lasting seven hours; we started in a comparative calm, but a gale sprang up in a short time, and we had all we could do under steam and sail to reach the port in safety. A pilot came on board at the entrance of the harbour, and gave us a good inshore berth. We saw a French torpedo boat going out of the harbour, just after we came in, to assist a fishing boat in distress in the shallow water at the head of the bay. She succeeded in bringing her into port without damage. The Bay is rapidly silting up, and no vessel should venture far into it without keeping the lead going. The Vice-Consul came on board to dine next day, and gave us some very amusing accounts of lions and lionesses he had seen at different times not many miles off. The Arabs here are most treacherous, and one murder a fortnight, he informed us, is considered about the average. The French and the Arabs seem to hate each other about as perfectly as possible, but the latter are powerless, so long as France keeps her

garrison of 60,000 troops in Algeria. There is a good bicycle shop here, and the roads are good, but heavy rains prevented our trying them.

Next day (Christmas Day) the girls went on shore to the Cathedral, and mass was sung at 11.30, vespers and benediction at 3. The music was fairly good, the congregations average, but the levity of the choir would have made a Dean of St. Pauls faint. The late Cardinal suppressed the midnight mass in his diocese, on account of the orgies which followed its celebration. The home of St. Augustine, or rather its site, is worth a visit, and we were all delighted with the Little Sisters of the poor, who showed us their home for poor old men and women and their half finished church, which some day will look most imposing. The gifted author of the "Confessions" and the "City of God" could hardly wish his memory kept alive by a nobler work than that so ably performed by the Little Sisters on the site of his mother's and his own home.

December 26th, we sailed at 7 a.m., and, after rather a rough passage, anchored off Tabarca Island for the night. After a toss-about night, we weighed at 5.30 a.m., in the dark, and sailed for Bizerta, arriving at the outer anchorage inside the breakwater at 3.30. I should like specially to warn all seamen that *vessels should keep well out from the west shore after entering the bay; I got into* $4\frac{1}{2}$ *fathoms, when by the chart I ought to have had* 7 *fathoms.* The Chief of the Administration would not let us pass into the lake, as the port was not to be declared open for two or three months, but most kindly offered to show the ladies and

BIZERTA, FROM THE SEA.

BIZERTA HARBOUR, LOOKING BACK TO ENTRANCE.

BIZERTA HARBOUR, FISHING BARRIER.

BIZERTA HARBOUR.

myself the harbour and the works, in his own boat, next day. In the meantime we lay at single anchor well inside the breakwater in 5 fathoms. Olive was successful in obtaining several good photographs of the place and outer harbour before sunset. Next day, we were surprised and delighted at having a steamer placed at our disposal. The captain had orders to take us to any part of the lake or inner anchorage. I am quite at a loss to find words adequately to describe the harbour, for this is unquestionably the *finest and most secure anchorage in either the old or the new world*. In less than one year from now, any vessel of any size or draught will be allowed to enter, and there lay at single anchor in company (were it possible to collect the ships) with 500 others also at single anchor, all perfectly sheltered and in absolutely smooth water. Any amount of the best drinking water can easily be obtained, and one wharf alone, now in construction, could supply coal to 50 ships at the same time, each moored stern on. For nine months in every year, from the end of August till the beginning of the following June, no climate can be more agreeable, while during the stormy periods in December and January, captains of ships may have their minds relieved from every conceivable anxiety when once they have entered the port. The photographs Olive took must furnish my reader with all the remaining information I can think of as regards this unequalled place of safety. The girls were delighted at finding that we were the first English yachting party to steam round and inspect the works and harbour. Our steamer brought us back to the yacht in the evening,

and we all agreed we had pleasantly spent one of the most memorable days in our lives. As to provisions, all sorts can be obtained and fish is abundant, good and cheap. The roads are good for bicycling, and parties are made up to go to Tunis and other nearer points of interest. The town is picturesque, with rather a quaint appearance.

On the morning of December 29th, we sailed for Sicily, and, at 10 p.m., endeavoured to anchor off Favignana town; we found our anchor coming home, and, as a gale from the West was blowing, we stood out to sea and spent a miserable night, hove to under steam and fore trysail, under the lee of Maritomo Island. At daylight, I ran before the wind under the lee of Favignana Island, and came to an anchor off the lighthouse in six fathoms, then went to bed at 9 in the morning, having been on deck since 5 a.m. of the day before, with the exception of forty minutes sleep I got in my cabin during the night. I woke up at 12, had a much wanted tub and some lunch, and went on deck again, got the vessel under weigh, and came into Trapani harbour; took a pilot at the entrance, and got a capital berth, with 60 fathoms of chain out on starboard anchor, and four good hawsers to the shore. The girls had had hardly any rest for two days and a night, nevertheless Constance, Olive, and myself dined and went to the Theatre in the evening. A capital play and first rate dancing rewarded us, and we came on board at 12 p.m. to a light supper and much wanted rest. In the morning we realized fully that Africa had been left behind, and our European experiences had already begun.

TRAPANI.

PALERMO.

PALERMO HARBOUR.

OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS AT PALERMO.

Chapter III.

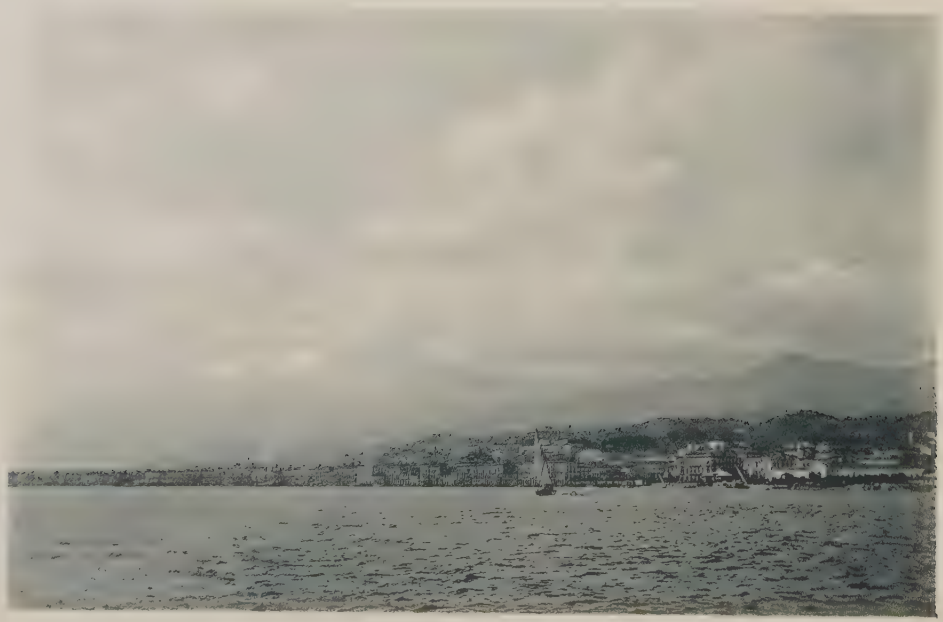
FROM Trapani to Palermo was really a pleasant sail, and, though it blew a gale before we were in the harbour, we got under shelter of the land before it could do us harm. Palermo has been so often described that there is little to add, but, for the guidance of my yachting friends, I desire to say that they will do well *always* to take a pilot, as the vacancies in the best part of the harbour during the winter season are not numerous, and the captain of the port never moves a vessel that has taken one, but seems always to do so if the ship has been brought in by her Captain. The Custom House authorities here—and, indeed, in all Italian ports—employ under-paid officials in plain clothes to watch strangers going on shore, and they get a fractional part of the fines if they are successful in catching persons with excisable goods when landing. Three of my crew took only four cigars a-piece and twenty cigarettes to smoke on shore during their leave, and two out of the three had to pay 72 frs. to get out of prison. They had been promptly locked up. I appealed to the Consul, who said he could do nothing. But the injustice annoyed me, so I insisted on seeing the head of the Customs department for

Sicily, who admitted the injustice and wrote to Rome for instructions to return the money. We have got to see whether the money having been once paid can be returned.* Most Englishmen abroad, rest contented with stating any injustice they suffer from to the Consul. He shrugs his shoulders, they go away. For the sake of your country and countrymen do not trust to any Consul, but give all the trouble you can to everyone, and very few injustices will then have to be complained of. I kept the whole department worried a whole day, and at last got them all to admit they were wrong. Consuls are mortal and love peace. Englishmen, however, are sometimes sensitive and hate injustice. The weather was, and had been so wet and cold that bicycling was not possible, but we made enquiries about the roads and found them quite desirable to ride on in dry weather. Bicycles can be landed from a yacht or ship by taking them straight to the Custom House steps, leaving them in the boat, and then getting permission to land them. Olive got some really good photographs of the entrance and harbour. Water and coal we found fairly good and cheap. Opera good and cheap. Provisions dear. Guides and interpreters mostly impostors, as before. Our guide, however, was above his class. He holds a certificate from the *Roseneath* which can be shown. His price is 6 frs. a day. He nearly earns it. Sicily is now (January, 1895) comparatively quiet. It is necessary to state the date. Hotels generally very good and reasonable. We stayed from January 1st to the 5th sight-seeing, and enjoyed ourselves as much as the rain and snow permitted. There was

* It was never returned.

MILAZZO.

STRAITS OF MESSINA.



MESSINA.

MESSINA—LOOKING OVER THE HARBOUR.

"GIRALDA" LEAVING MESSINA.

snow in the upper town laying half-an-inch thick on the morning of January 4th. The cold was intense, even in the harbour, which is well sheltered.

On the morning of January 5th we sailed for Milazzo—96 miles—which we covered in under ten hours. A fair wind was blowing and a very heavy sea running. I anchored just off the mouth of the harbour. Yachtsmen, do likewise, if you want to spend a quiet night. It blew a hurricane that night, but we remained in peace and shelter. On the morning of January 6th the wind went down and we had a pleasant sail to Messina, though the swell from the previous gale was unpleasant. Will you see the Straits of Messina in comfort? Then you must see it from on board a yacht or some one of the capital steamers which pass the Straits almost daily to or from Africa. Look at the whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis; feel yourself—and you cannot help this—being affected by one or both of them with their rapid swirl, and you will have gained some experience. If a lady, you will remember the power the badly disposed water-fairies of ancient times wielded under the sanction, or sometimes under the direction, of the gods. If a gentleman, you will regret that your Classics were not more attentively studied in former days, when there was a chance. We passed both whirlpools with ease and comfort, it being slack water, and anchored in Messina harbour just in time to shelter from a strong southerly gale which blew, more or less, continuously for three days. Messina is well worth a visit. The natural harbour is a wonder in itself. The new cemetery is quite a model one. Taormina, the most lovely place

in the world to my mind, is within an hour. Messina has been a centre of revolution at all times, and its buildings bear traces of the troubles of 1847 and 1860. It seems peaceful enough now, though its inhabitants are heavily taxed, and the earthquake of December 16th has made the rich poor and the poor poorer. The ladies landed soon after we arrived, and saw at the Cathedral the copy of a letter believed by the devout to have been written by the Virgin Mary to the inhabitants of Messina, what was stated to be the arm of St. Paul, a lock of the Virgin's hair, and some other relics. Three crosses had fallen from the roofs of three churches in the recent earthquake, and were being set up again. To enjoy Messina you must forget the smells, if you can; also forget or ignore the ceaseless beggars. Do not attempt to ride a bicycle, unless on one of the main roads outside the town, such as the road to Taormina, which is fairly good, and drive everywhere rather than go on foot. Do not walk, except in one or two main streets, and you can spend a very pleasant week living on board your yacht, if you have one, or at the Trinacria Hotel. You will find the Consul full of information, which he readily imparts, about all that is most interesting in the town, and in the evening you will probably find a good opera to go to. Then go to Taormina, and spend a month there at any one of the good hotels. Take a book or two to read, your bicycle and camera, but not your yacht, the anchorage being far too exposed. Our party went there by rail and back the same day, as I wanted to sail for Corfu, if only the weather could stop fine for twenty-four hours.

GREEK AMPHITHEATRE—TAORMINA, SICILY.

LIGHTHOUSE AT NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO CORFU.

CITADEL OF CORFU.

CORFU FROM THE TOP OF THE CITADEL.

THE SQUARE OF CORFU.

PRINCIPAL STREET OF CORFU.

We left Messina under steam early on Thursday, January 10th, in a dead calm, but a breeze sprang up from the S.W. about 10 a.m., and helped us along during the day, this freshened into a gale at night, and a heavy sea got up in no time, and we had all we could do, under steam and square sail, to keep her running before it. We made Fano Islands at daylight, but it took us till 5 p.m. to come to an anchor at Corfu. We coaled and watered on Monday, as Saturday and Sunday it blew too hard to do anything. No shops, no operas, and no band to interest or cheer us. On Monday all was changed. It was New Years' Day, old style, and both Monday and Tuesday were kept as fêtes. The weather being warm and fine, on Monday the band played in the square, and Corfu looked its brightest and best. Olive was soon at work with her camera, the other ladies amused themselves sight-seeing, and I had a day's work with the Consul, the banker, the coal merchant, and with Julio (a Greek), who I hired with his son and three dogs, to show us all the sport they could in Albania. A Firman must be obtained through the Consul for leave to shoot, and duly delivered on the Albanian Coast to the Turkish authorities, before guns can be landed. Of Corfu I have a little to say. The loss of the English is felt keenly by the poor. They all heartily wish us back for many reasons. The Custom House and town dues on sheep, cattle, and oil are absolutely 60 per cent. on the value; on the opposite Albanian shore they are less than 10 per cent. Turkish rule is, naturally, of course, popular as compared with the Greek. Corfu is shopless, unless small inlets under the houses can be dignified by the

name of shops. The St. George Hotel is, to my mind, by far the best in the place, though "Murray's Guide" states that it is NOT recommended. Murray will change his mind in due course. It is wonderful how few mistakes have been made in that admirable Guide.

On January 15th we sailed for Pagania, where we remained a few days, in the hope of shooting wild boar and deer. We saw a few of each, and plenty of woodcock and pigeons, but the weather and the fates were against us, and we returned on January 22nd to Corfu, there to fill up with water and discharge three of our men who had given trouble. On January 26th we sailed for Livitatza, distant 14 miles from Corfu. I had shipped three capital natives from Corfu to take the place of the three delinquents. We arrived about 3 p.m. I landed with the girls and Julio and shot a few pigeons. My daughter and Olive took a few lessons in shooting, and both shot well at bottles and marks with a 20-bore. We shall see, in the course of the coming week, how they put their lessons into practice.

Nothing but pigeons to shoot at the first day. The second day we got a fine buck. The third day it blew a gale, and we had thunder and lightning. The fourth day, Thursday, January 31st, we arranged to go in two parties. Ellen, Constance, and Mary were to go with the Captain to shoot pigeons, while Olive and myself were to go for pig in the steam launch, accompanied by Julio, his son, and three men. Olive and myself were posted in an open space in the middle of a marsh. Two other guns were behind us, about 200 yards apart. A hill and some likely ground was to be beaten towards us.

SHOOTING QUARTERS—LIVITATZA BAY, ALBANIA.

A SUNDAY CALL ON BOARD SIR WILLIAM SCOTT'S "CHRISTINE"—PAGANIA BAY, ALBANIA.

WILD BOAR WEIGHING OVER 250 LBS.

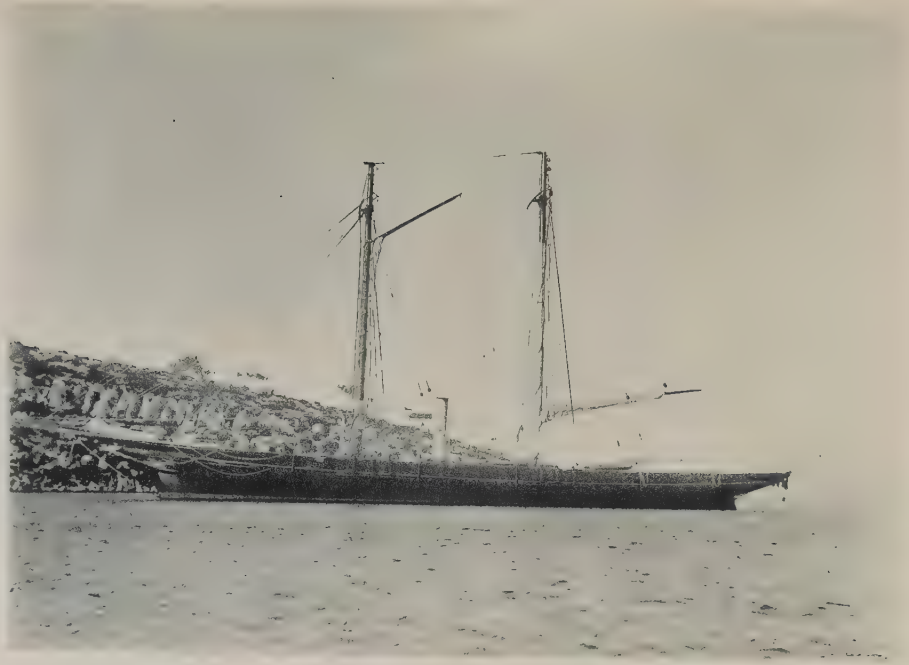
Hardly had the beaters begun shouting, when I saw a magnificent boar coming straight towards us. Olive and myself sprang from our crouching position to our feet, the pig swerved a little and gave me a broadside shot at about 50 yards. I fairly peppered him with the slugs I had put in my right barrel for buck, of which he made nothing. I then fired ball with my left barrel, and shot him through the lower part of the body. Olive now handed me my Express. I hit him again, but low down; still on he went. One of the guns I had placed back then fired and turned him. Down he came again towards us, obviously on the charge, and though badly wounded he could still go. I waited till he was about 15 yards off, and fired both barrels from my Purdy gun, loaded with ball, fairly into him; this turned him. In a second Olive had put my Express rifle in my hand, but it was not required, piggy rolled over a corpse about 20 yards off. Julio soon came up, and declared him one of the finest he had ever seen. I cannot conclude this story without a word of praise for my courageous and plucky companion. Had the boar charged home nothing could have saved us, as we were fairly in the open and could shelter nowhere. Olive stood her ground quite unmoved, while the boar was charging at full speed and straight at us. She caught my emptied gun with one hand and put the rifle into my hands with the other, without a wince or a word except "the rifle." In that one second it was either death to the boar or possibly to one of us. I turned, after making sure the boar was quite dead, to find my companion quite composed and only pleased at our success. The boldest man ever born could not have

stood his ground more courageously, and to one not used to danger it required nerve. May I, in any future crisis, ever have at my side one of equal nerve and fortitude. The ladies had no luck, a frightful storm spoiling their chance with the pigeons, but the steam launch which went for them, while passing close to the land, disturbed a splendid stag; we are to go after him to-morrow.

We go, and, of course, do not find him. But the following day, while again looking for him, we shot a fine boar, and the ladies got more pigeons. We return to Corfu on Wednesday, February 6th, and there discharge Julio, his son, and our Greek fireman.

On Thursday, February 7th, we sailed for Paxo, but as a gale seemed threatening I put in to Livitaza. The gale came and went in twenty-four hours, so February 8th, we arrived at Port Gaio (Paxo Island). This is the smallest harbour I have ever been in, perfectly sheltered, no doubt, but too narrow, even if moored with two anchors down. If you know the harbour well, you can take two warps on shore, and then, with two anchors—one on each bow—you may feel perfectly secure. We all land in the evening, and find on shore the most miserable village and people we have yet seen. The scenery is grand, but the roads, well made once by the English, are now in decay and no one repairs them. Bicycling is impossible. There is good woodcock shooting here in November and quail in the season, but the birds soon leave and go to the main land. Olive growing is the only industry, and this is fast becoming unprofitable. On Saturday, we sail for Vathy (Island of Ithaca) arriving in that lovely

ENTRANCE TO PAXO HARBOUR.



THE "ROSENEATH" READY FOR SEA, TOPMASTS HOUSED—CLOSE QUARTERS IN PAXO HARBOUR.

PATRAS.

and perfect port at 4.30 p.m., when we land for a short walk. Here we are on historic ground indeed. The Odyssey alone would make the Island of surpassing interest to all scholars. How many does this embrace? Many thousands—they will soon be millions. Alas, the Grotto of Ulysses is only a deep hole in the ground on the slope of a hill, with bits of its sides taken away by Homeric students as souvenirs. Half an hour's walk up a steep hill brings you to it. The fountain of Arethusa is reached by driving for two hours in a Southerly direction up hill, and walking then for about half an hour more along a very ragged path. The return journey takes the same time on foot, but the carriage drive is shortened by less than a half, it being down hill. The fountain itself is only of historic interest as it contains lukewarm water, is small, and not very picturesquely situated. Olive got a photograph of it. I bought some wine in the village of Vathy, a white wine of great merit; it is rather difficult to procure. Our bicycles were useless, as the roads were too bad. Yachtsmen please note that small iron repairs are well done here, and cheaply. I had two new sets of fire gratings fitted to the boiler of my steam launch for 2 pounds. At Corfu they asked 4 pounds for one set. Here, too, I shipped a capital Greek fireman. Quite a treasure in every way. He has proved a most useful hand on board.

On Tuesday, February 12th, we sailed for Patras. We made a good passage in six hours, though the sea was very rough. The entrance and the harbour itself is, I fear, gradually silting up, so the lead requires double attention. We moored by the stern

to the Wharf which separates the two harbours, and had one anchor only ahead, this was found sufficient. The Church of St. Andrew is a place of interest here, as marking the spot where, we were informed, the Apostle was crucified. There are other points of interest (see "Murray's Guide" to Greece) but the town itself is dirty and shopless. There is a railway station here on the line leading to Athens. The British and American Consuls lunched on board. The latter was very full of information, and lent me some very excellent charts of the Gulf of Corinth. He invited us to tea, and showed us all the places of interest near. The fine old Castle of Patras, now used as a prison (and a very disgraceful prison too), the site of St. Andrew's martyrdom, an ancient Greek theatre lately discovered, where Olive found an old coin probably 2,000 years old, and some Roman remains of great antiquity, were all shown and explained by him. The English Consul told us he had just bought a bicycle, but the roads are trying to one accustomed to English highways or even bye-ways. Both Consuls made us some beautiful presents of flowers. Patras is the home of flowers, you can enjoy them all the year round. Were it not for earthquakes, life would be pleasant enough, and there is more fear than danger even about this, for they are not very frequent, and lately they have not been very severe. We learn here of Lord Randolph Churchill's death. I cannot tell why I feel depressed by this news, as I only knew him very slightly when in the House of Commons. But I really liked very much all I did know about him, and shut my ears to all I did not wish to hear.

SUNSET OVER TOWN OF CORINTH.

ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL, FROM THE GULF OF CORINTH. TAKEN FROM THE BOWS OF THE YACHT.

IN THE CANAL.

CAPE MELANGAVI, GULF OF CORINTH.

ENTRANCE TO PIRÆUS.

Thursday, February 16th, we sailed from Patras, and, under steam and square sail, reached the mouth of the Corinth Canal at about 4 p.m. The red flag was hoisted on the flagstaff, so we could not enter. The canal is so narrow that ships cannot pass in opposite directions. The good breeze from the North-West was hardening into a gale, so I stood over for Loutraki. Here there is little shelter, but it was the best we could get, so let go both anchors and hoped it would moderate. This it did not do, and we were steaming up to our anchors all night. I spent a very anxious fifteen hours, but, when daylight broke, we took advantage of a slight lull and weighed. I set the storm stay-sail, and, under this sail alone and steam, worked the *Roseneath* to windward round Melangavi Cape, and then bore away for Lousa Islet in Dobrena Bay. Here we found perfect shelter.

Next day, Saturday, the gale having blown itself out, we steamed through the Gulf of Corinth and arrived at the Piræus at 5 p.m. The passage through the cutting at the head of the Gulf of Corinth is most interesting. It took us half an hour to pass through, going about 7 knots. The charge for pilot and passage through was 58 frs., in French money. Olive got some good photos of the two entrances. Outside the Piræus, I hoisted the pilot jack and soon got a pilot on board. He asked me 3 pounds to bring me in. I offered him 10 frs., or an immediate passage back into his boat; he took the 10 frs. In the harbour, we found a Russian man-of-war and two or three other yachts, the *Adriana*, our old friend, being one. We passed Mr. Mac

Calmont's large yacht, the *Giralda*, in the quarantine harbour. She had Captain Holdsworth on board, Olive's brother. They could only talk at a distance, as the yacht had come from Constantinople, and there was a strict 10 days' quarantine from that port.

On arrival at the Piræus, we heard a rumour that Mr. Barrett's yacht, the *Gundreda*, was expected soon, with his wife (my daughter) on board. Here we found shoals of letters. We learnt that the Russian man-of-war laying next us had broken from her moorings the night before we arrived, in the same gale that had given us so much anxiety. The Russian officers were most civil, and sent a boat to help us to moor. We all went to Athens next day, Sunday. On our return, we found the *Gundreda* had really arrived, and arranged to spend a few days together. Sight-seeing, of course, was the order of each day, and, when we both sailed on the following Friday, we could boast, I think, that we had seen as much of that fascinating and ancient city as it was possible in 5 days. Mr. Egerton, the English Minister, came on board one day to tea, and, in conjunction with Mr. Maxse, the English Consul in the Piræus, gave us all the information we required.

Our bicycles came in handy, and I can recommend any travellers to Athens to make all possible use of this most delightful means of locomotion. The roads are fairly good, and the climate when fine, charming, the sea breezes keeping the atmosphere cool. The water supply in the Piræus is not good, and the use of the filter an absolute necessity. Welsh coal, here, is good and cheap at 18*s*. a ton.

FROM OUR ANCHORAGE IN THE PIRÆUS.

ACROPOLIS, FROM THE SOUTH.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

THE PARTHENON.

THE CARYATIDES OF THE ERECHTHEUM, ACROPOLIS.

ACROPOLIS, FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.

TEMPLE OF THESEUS AND MOUNT ST. GEORGE.

CHRYSOS—MOUNTAINS OF PARNASSUS.

TEMPLE OF CERES, PAESTUM.

The port of the Piræus good, and all provisions can be obtained either here or at Athens. We consult, and talk over our impressions of the Acropolis and the sites of the ancient temples we visit daily. We hire a sitting room at the Angleterre Hotel at Athens, and take our mid-day meal at that comfortable hotel. I got some good Greek wine here. The *Roseneath* party were, I think, impressed in much the same way with what we saw, but it is difficult quite accurately to put our united impressions on paper. I will try however.

We are not proud of our own nation when we learn that France and Germany have both done so much, and are still doing much more than England for the restoration of Ancient Athens to an interested world. Mr. Egerton, on his first visit to England, will do his best to wipe out this national disgrace.* Everyone visiting the Acropolis for the first time must be awe-struck with its ruined magnificence; while the most unreflective of men must feel inclined to sit down and think awhile. Our Greek histories, our Bibles and our Guide-books are by turns consulted, as varying thoughts cross our minds. Was there ever an altar to an unknown god here? The devotee says emphatically, yes; because he finds it in his Bible. The rigid antiquarian, no; because all the gods were known, and such an altar would have been an absurdity to the Athenian mind of that day. Renan seems to imply, in his "St. Paul," that it was not unusual to erect altars to the unknown gods (in the plural.) We do not attempt to decide the knotty

* At a Meeting held in the month of July, 1895, in London, over which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales presided, and Mr. Egerton attended, much was done to forward this excellent work.

point, but the beautiful rhythm of St. Paul's address charms us, and we realize how effective was his teaching in after years, ages after his death. It was certainly not very effective at the time. As years rolled on he must, to the Athenians, have seemed obviously mistaken in the notion that he was likely to see the Second Coming of his Great Master before his death. It certainly seems, from his Epistle written from Athens to the Thessolonians, that he did think so. Perhaps, as years progressed and the Temple of Jupiter was being completed, the advocates of the old religion found some comfort in the reflection that St. Paul was mistaken on this point at least. It will be impossible to follow on these reflections in print without, perhaps, offending some, so I will conclude the subject with what I hope may be deemed a harmless remark, viz., that to visit Greece means the awakening of the critical faculty in all in whom that faculty has not been as yet awakened, and the strengthening and development of that faculty in all whose critical powers have been already called into requisition.

During our stay we are all very busy. Mary goes to visit M. Tricoupi, the late Prime Minister, and extracts from his sister and himself much useful information in regard to his party. The Royal Family seem popular, and the Heir Apparent, who is known outside Greece as Duke of Sparta (there are no titles in Greece) is well spoken of by all. The poverty of Greece is really shocking, but the finances this year seem in a slightly more hopeful condition than last. Olive gets some capital photographs. Ellen is busy seeing as much of her sister on board

TEMPLE OF APOLLO, DELPHI.

the *Gundreda* as possible. They also are musical on board her yacht, so we exchange many visits and sing in the evenings, and Constance dances for us. There is no opera this winter in Athens. The Athenians love music, but cannot afford this luxury. Bicycling is the rage at Athens and the roads are fairly good. Olive and myself had a charming bicycle ride from the Piræus along the North Shore Road.

On Friday, February 22nd, the *Gundreda* sailed for Corfu, and we left the same day for our old anchorage in Dobrena Bay (Gulf of Corinth). Saturday, 23rd, we sailed for the snug little port of Itiar, and spent Sunday visiting the ruins of Delphi. Carriages for the day—£1 each with three horses for each carriage. We took two carriages; the road is the worst I ever drove over. The French are excavating and restoring the ruins of Delphi. The Temple of Apollo is in a very forward condition. They have bought out all the inhabitants who had settled on the site of Delphos. The exact spot where the Oracle spoke from has been so destroyed by earthquakes that one has to draw largely on one's imagination to picture what it must have looked like. Parts of lovely statues have been unearthed on the site of the Temple of Apollo; but I saw no complete one. We came in for a wedding which was being celebrated in a neighbouring village. The costume of the bride was entirely of white, with a scarlet apron and very pretty gold and silver ornaments. The young men and maidens of the village were occupied in dancing on a flat piece of ground near. This dance is reported to be at least 3,000 years old. It is a very stately and impressive one.

It is danced in a ring; all holding hands during the greater part of the time. The music consisted of a drum and a sort of lute. The girls wore white head-dresses, and looked very picturesque. We returned in the evening, and determined to sail for Patras next morning. We now realize that we are on our homeward bound journey. Some one sings "Home, Sweet Home" in the evening, but it is not very warmly responded to. We have been too happy together to feel much joy. Still, about two months are before us, and we have shooting yet to do in Greece and Albania, and music to listen to in Italy before we return to the old country.

CAPE SPARLIVENTO.

ASTOKO—DRAGOMESTRI BAY.

RAVINE OF THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA, ITHACA.

HARBOUR OF VAHTI, ITHACA.

Chapter IV.

WE arrive at Patras February 25th, after a pleasant voyage of five hours, and anchor in our old berth. I have before described this. Mr. Wood (the English Consul) came on board, and gave us some very useful information about shooting in Dragomestri Bay, and told us of a perfect little anchorage in Pandelemona Creek in that bay. We are much disappointed that he cannot come with us, but it is impossible as business prevents. Next day, February 26th, we have a pleasant sail to Vathy, in Ithaca (already described), and take in our water the same evening. We find Mrs. Paget's yacht, the *Sirex*, here, and she and her two daughters came on board to dinner. She gives us a very graphic description of her escape from pirates off Cartegena. There is no doubt they fired at her yacht, and would have taken her if the breeze had not been favourable. Of course the Spanish authorities denied the occurrence. I believe the lady, her captain, her daughters, and the crew of her yacht. Yachtsmen, be wise, and go armed along the coast of Riff and the coast of Spain—such is my advice. We did, in accordance with good advice given us by an English naval officer at Gibraltar.

Next morning, February 27th, we anchor in Pandelemona Creek (Dragomestri Bay), as per advice of Mr. Wood at Patras, and arrange with Giovanni, a Greek hunter, to come on board next day and show us some sport. He does come, we land, Giovanni and some Greek friends beat for us, but we get nothing and see nothing. We hope for better luck next day, but get a gale of wind instead, and have as much as we can do, with both anchors down, to hold our own. I got up steam the day following, and anchored for the night at Astoko, in Dragomestri Bay.

Saturday, March 2nd, we sailed for Pazo (Guyo Harbour), calling at Ithaca en route, and anchoring at night, during a gale which sprang up in a few hours, just behind Convent Island. The cook, who had been ill for some days, became very ill here, and I was glad to anchor next day, Sunday, at Corfu and get a Doctor on board. It was only a slight feverish attack, the Doctor said, so we got our pratique and took rooms at the St. George Hotel, so that the cook might have the after part of the yacht. Olive and myself had some capital bicycle rides here.

On Thursday, March 7th, we steamed along Albanian Coast to Ftelia, a very perfect little harbour. Marks of wild boars were found within a few miles, but we were not successful in coming across them. The place has been over shot. The *Goddess*, Mr. Schenley's yawl of 150 tons, came in on Saturday, and we had some music in the evening, to which the party on board her came. The Monday following found us at Corfu, a falling glass kept us from going to Messina at once. Admiral Sir J. Baird was here on

MISS O. HOLDSWORTH.

GROUP OF ALBANIAN BEATERS.

CONSULTATION FOR NEXT BEAT.

OFF TO NEXT BEAT.

SHEPHERD AND FLOCK, ALBANIA.

QUAY OF CORFU.

board his yawl, the *Otterhound*, and he advised us to wait for a Easterly breeze. We sailed next day to Bolana Bay in North Corfu, there to wait for a slant of wind to help us on our Westerly course.

On the morning of March 14th, we sailed for Messina, arriving at that port on the 15th, at 10 p.m. We experienced calms and light winds the whole way across, and found ourselves on the passage set in a North Westerly direction no less than 18 miles. It had been blowing hard for some days previously, but I had no idea that so powerful a current could have been caused by this agency alone. Admiral Sir J. Baird had, however, given me some strange experiences of his own in regard to Adriatic currents. Beautiful weather was new to us, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. We found Mr. Mac Calmont's yacht, the *Giralda*, here, and went on board by his invitation to inspect her in the morning. Whatever faults may be found by critics in regard to this vessel, the courtesy of her owner, her engineer, and all on board are beyond praise. If to go 22 knots and have a comfortable vessel as well, be her owner's object, he has achieved it. If my own fortune were as large as his, I would build a vessel to go 17 knots only on the measured mile, give the vessel more beam, and have three of the largest leg of mutton sails I could get her to carry, so as to steady her when the wind served. Much less room would then be wanted for the engines, and she would be more comfortable at sea. Every cabin should have a bath-room attached, and, above all, the heating and ventilating arrangements should be under each occupant's control, in his or her own cabin. Of course, also, I should have my

own patent swinging plates for her dining table. This, to my mind, would reduce the discomfort of going to sea to a minimum. Her tonnage should be about 1,500. An improvement is also possible in regard to cabin arrangements, with movable bulk-heads. Supposing twelve passengers to be the maximum desired, besides the owner and his family, and, by chance, only six were on board at a time, by the removal of a bulk-head, each person might have a double sized cabin—a great boon in any ship, however large.

The *Giralda* steamed out after we had left her, and certainly looked splendid as she moved along. Olive, after waving a last adieu to her brother who was on board, got a capital photograph of her. We went to the opera in the evening, to hear the "Cavalleria Rusticana," which was fairly well given.

On Monday, March 18th, we sailed for Santa Venere, a charming little harbour, arriving at 6 p.m. We had an absolutely perfect passage again, only the third of this description since November last. Next morning we weighed at 7.30; a more beautiful morning I have never seen. That night we anchored at Polycastro Bay, and the following day proceeded to Salermo. The anchorage is fairly good for vessels of light draught. Coals are dear, and water difficult to get. The little harbour has few attractions. I omitted to state that, as the yacht passed Pœstum, we got a fair view of the beautiful ruined temples; the ladies, later on, made a closer inspection of this most interesting spot, and got some capital photographs of the place. I began to feel very ill here, and three days afterwards, when we had arrived at

SANTA VENERE.

PÆSTUM—TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AND ANCIENT BASILICA.

SALERNO.

FROM SANTA LUCIA.

NAPLES, FROM THE SEA.

NAPLES HARBOUR, FROM OUR ANCHORAGE.

THE ORIENT S.S. "OROYA" ASHORE AT NAPLES.

VENTOTENE, BEARING E.N.E.

Naples, found that I was in for a very severe attack of influenza. The details of an illness, so interesting to the patient, are dull to the reader; I only mention the incident in order to pay a well deserved compliment to my medical attendant, Dr. Vassie. I owe to him, and to the ceaseless attention and perfect nursing of my daughter, an absolutely complete and perfect restoration to health in three weeks. Visitors to Naples, send for Dr. Vassie in case of illness. Mary and Constance left us here to join friends in Italy, and escape infection from my influenza. I made what enquiries I could about bicycling, and found only the road to Pozzuoli would be of any use to intending riders, and this road is bad. Where to anchor at Naples has puzzled yachtsmen for years. Here is my theory. If you have a large vessel go to the ordinary yacht anchorage in the military port, hauling her stern in to the wharf, as per regulation, coal and water with all speed, then steam out and anchor off St. Lucia harbour, as near the entrance as your conscience and the lead will allow you; let your two anchors bear one about South and the other about East of you. Here there are no smells, and you are near the middle of the town. Of course, in very bad weather from the S.E., you will either shift into the harbour, or put up with a slight roll. I should like to spend three months every year of my life at or about Naples. I shall say no more on this subject, except that if you have no yacht and mean to visit the town, go to one of the Hotels high up on the hill, and not to one of the splendid buildings low down in the town. The reasons for giving this piece of advice will, I think, be apparent to the visitor

before he has been long resident. I am bound, however, to say that the low level Hotels seemed full when we were there, perhaps the upper level ones were full. The chief object of interest during our visit was the steamer *Oroya*, a 7,000 ton vessel, which had run on shore near Naples; a salvage company was employed in getting her off. Olive got a capital photograph of her. She was floated about ten days later.

On April 12th, we sailed from Naples and anchored at night in the perfect little harbour of Ponza. Sailing at daylight next morning, we arrived at Civita Vecchia at 7 p.m. Here you may get coal and water, and coal dust on board enough to smother you, as large steamers laden with coal discharge alongside of you.

Ellen, Olive, and myself went to Rome for Easter Sunday and the three following days. Besides the usual interesting ceremonies, there was a really good company playing "Faust" at the Opera House. I have seen "Faust" seventy-six times, but never so good a Mephistopheles, not excepting Faure. We went three times running. In Signor Andreoni's studio (to my mind, quite the best in Rome), I saw two lovely marble vases, which I bought. I warn my readers, that so beautiful are the statues here, that you will *have to buy* if you enter. The studio is in the Piazza del Popolo. You must be fond of bicycling if you attempt it in Rome, but of bicycles and bicycle shops, their name is legion in the eternal city. I can see nothing but good in all the Italians have done, and are doing, in the town, and venture to differ from my friend Mr. Augustus Hare, *toto cœlo*,

ENTRANCE TO PONZA.

PONZA.

THE FORUM, POMPEI.

STREET OF STABIA, POMPEII.

HOUSE OF THE FAUN, POMPEII.

CIVITA VECCHIA.

PORTO VECCHIO.

ENTRANCE TO LEGHORN HARBOUR, FROM S.

in regard to the doings of what he is pleased, in his "Walks in Rome," to call the "Sardinian Government," I can agree to nothing he says on this point. We stayed at the Hotel d'Italie. This Hotel is beyond praise in every respect; I wish I was a shareholder.

We left Rome after a stay of four days, and joined the yacht at Civita Vecchia, in the hope of sailing for Leghorn the next day. Bad weather kept us in that most uninteresting port for three days. Sunday, however, was fine, and we had a splendid passage, with glorious weather to Porto Vechio, a beautiful little roadstead anchorage opposite the Island of Elba on the main land. The following morning we sailed, again with glorious weather, for Leghorn. It is impossible to describe the beauty and the charm of this Italian coast and the islands. Of course, to enjoy this thoroughly, you must have fine weather. In the spring and autumn four out of five days are fine.

We arrived at Leghorn at 4 p.m. the same day, and having previously obtained, by the kind offices of the Consul, permission to enter the inner harbour, we steamed up to a most comfortable berth, which berth will be the *Roseneath's* home till the autumn. Yacht owners please note, that the entrances to this port have been much altered during the last few years. The centre one is now the best, but, if you have the most recent charts on board, you will find no difficulty. A pilot is absolutely unnecessary; if, however, you do take one, do not allow him to come on board till your bargain is concluded. Bicyclists will find all they require here—good roads, good

shops, civility, and good bicycles to be let on hire. Repairs and alterations were required for the yacht; they were all undertaken by Messrs. Orlando, a firm thoroughly to be trusted—businesslike, prompt, and reasonable. They are ship builders with very wide experience. Here I paid off the crew, and retained on board only Captain Douglas and a Greek fireman, to take charge of the vessel.

On April 25th, the crew were sent home overland, the charge being roughly about £3 10s. a head, including extra luggage. We left the yacht the same day to go to the Hotel de Londres, Pisa. We propose to work our way home slowly through France, staying a few days also at the Hotel de l'Europe, Turin. Alas, this most enjoyable cruise has now come to a conclusion. Now for a few lessons and a few hints, which I have learnt and picked up in this, and a previous trip in Mediterranean waters.

Chapter V.

THE bare facts connected with our cruise have been told in the preceding chapters, and I hope now to give my readers some information which may be of further use, should they be contemplating a cruise to the Mediterranean. The whole of the ports of this inland sea cannot be visited by any yachtsman in one winter, nor could even the greater number of them, unless he should desire to sacrifice all pleasure and profit to speed and discomfort. About one-fourth part can, however, be really seen and enjoyed in a five or six months' cruise in a steam-yacht, allowing a few days to every port, according to the amount of interest felt in each. A man, before starting, should ask himself the question, where he wants to go? It has often been sarcastically said that no man exactly knows what he does want, but I think every man must feel that he has been helped in making up his mind, if he knows exactly what alternatives lay before him. Now first-class yacht-racing, gambling, and luxuries can only be found on the South Coast of France, and a winter can be enjoyed very luxuriously between the ports of Gibraltar and Genoa. Shooting can be obtained on the coasts of Asia Minor, some

of the Greek or Ionian Islands, and Albania. Lions cannot now be found within a day's rail of any yacht anchorage in North Africa. Within two or three days' travel inland from Bona (Bone), however, there is just a chance, though a very bad one. My readers may take my word for it, that if they anchor anywhere along the coast of North Africa, and then give up ten days to inland travel in pursuit of lions, they will be unusually lucky if they return with one specimen. The betting I should put at 5 to 1 against success.

For historical interest, both sacred and profane, as every one knows, the Bible ports, as they are called, and Greece, supply enough, and more than enough, to interest any yachting party for five or six months. That the ports on the coast of Palestine should be difficult of access is one of the greatest drawbacks the yachtsman has to put up with.

Italy, on the other hand, has such attractions, and the ports of Italy are so good, that a man might spend a whole winter and never leave the Italian coast. The same time, with similar advantages, might be given to a cruise which would include Athens and Constantinople, and the harbours on both coasts between these towns. Five or six months given to Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and Malta would be delightful also.

To which of the tours here suggested shall the yachtsman turn his attention? The drawbacks and advantages of each I propose now to lay before my readers. First the Gibraltar to Genoa trip.

I have already given some account of the port and harbour of Gibraltar, together with photographs of the former, and have only now to add that, since writing

FRATELLI ROCKS.

CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE, BONE.

the early chapters, the Government have decided to extend the mole at Gibraltar for a considerable distance. In my opinion, unless at least a thousand feet are added to the present length of the mole, the advantages to vessels laying behind it will be comparatively small. A breakwater, in addition, is now proposed. Looked at as a centre from which to make excursions to Algiciras, Tangiers, and a few other points of interest round, Gibraltar has unquestionable advantages, and a week or a fortnight might well be given to visiting these places. If, however, it is proposed to stay so long a time at Gibraltar, I strongly advise any yachtsman to anchor off the old mole rather than the new one.

From Gibraltar, he will naturally go on to Malaga. The excellence of this port and harbour I have previously described, and a photograph of the town and port will be found elsewhere. During a yachting cruise which I made two years ago, I previously visited this port, and from there the yachting party went by rail to Granada. Should such a visit be contemplated by any of my readers, let me repeat to them the excellent advice which I once found in a guide-book: that, above all things, *the* requisite which the traveller will find the most useful to him, is to keep his temper, *if possible*. So great is the divergence between the honest and straightforward methods of the Custom House authorities in England and those in Spain, that it is impossible to give any adequate description of how far bribery and corruption have taken possession of the Spanish officials. I will, however, give an instance which will amuse my readers.

Our yachting party had arrived by train at Granada, at a rather late hour during the night. It was of great importance to us to get our luggage, of which we had a considerable quantity, passed and taken to the Hotel. It was obvious that the Custom House officials desired to open at least one, if not more, of our boxes; I was equally desirous that no time should be lost. My interpreter informed me that nothing could be more simple than to have the baggage passed immediately, and suggested that I should put a dollar into the hands of the official who was standing but a few yards from me. I do not think I have ever, in my life, seen a more magnificent man, he must have stood at least six feet four inches in his stockings. He was broad chested, and the proud possessor of a moustache the magnificence of which I had never seen equalled. He was in the most gorgeous uniform, and to place a dollar in the hands of such an official seemed to me, at the moment, the most hazardous of undertakings. Feeling, however, that there was no alternative, I gave him a dollar, but so large was his hand that the coin looked no bigger than a shilling. He quietly examined it, placed it in his pocket, and ordered the whole of our baggage to be marked. To progress in Spain, it is necessary to bribe everywhere, and every one who can be of the least use to you. Straightforward dealing, in our English sense of the term, seems to be unknown. By continuous recourse to the usages of the country, we reached our Hotel, and found everything there as comfortable as we could reasonably expect.

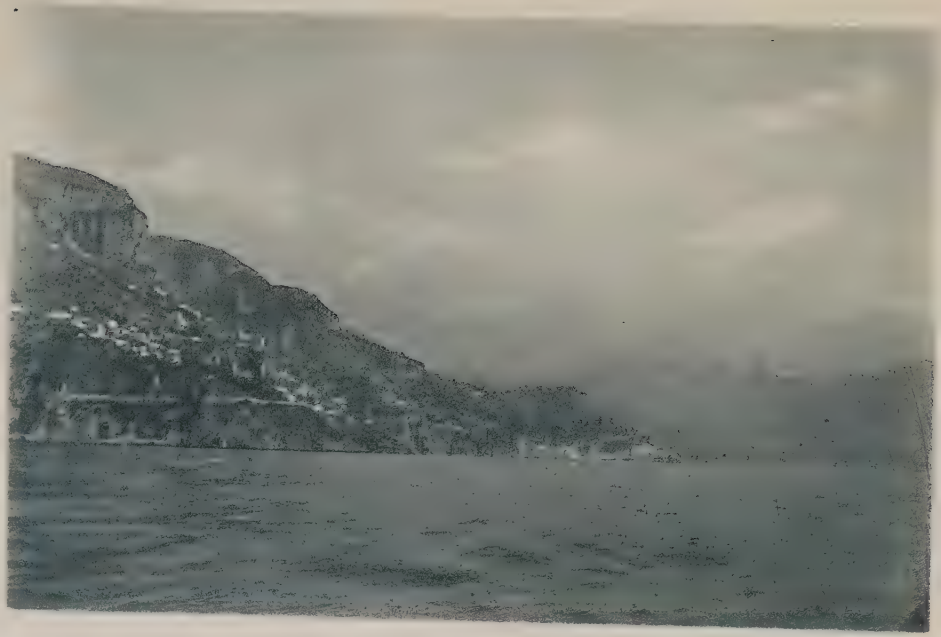
Of Granada itself, I do not wish to add anything

to the excellent description given in Murray's handbook, both of the town itself, and of the Alhambra (its principal object of interest), further than to say, that I believe three or four days spent here will be found sufficient for every purpose. There is a church, however, a short distance from Granada, not mentioned by Murray, which is of remarkable interest. In this church, only a few miles distant from Granada, the exact position of which I do not consider it necessary to describe, there is a figure of the Virgin Mary, draped in a very elaborate costume, with deep flounces. I was assured by my interpreter that murders in that district are by no means uncommon, and that it has occasionally happened that the murderer, when convicted, has pleaded that he placed the dagger, with which the murder was committed, during the whole of the night before, within the flounces of the Virgin's dress. The story seemed to me an unlikely one, and I made the best inquiries I could on the spot with regard to the truth of this allegation. Those from whom I inquired all seemed to be cognizant of the fact. I do not think I can say more to show how grossly ignorant and superstitious are the country inhabitants of this district. Politically, they have, apparently, no opinions whatever. Conservatives, they are not, for they have nothing that they desire to conserve. Liberals, they are not either, for progress and improvement in any direction would be distasteful to them. To smoke a cigarette, to lounge about and to gossip, while the ladies of the family work in the fields, appears to be their highest ideal of existence. Spain has been, and I think my readers will agree

with me in saying, must long remain, the despair of the reformer. When such a man as Signor Castellar has failed, who can hope to succeed ?

The yachtsman, having now completed his visit to Granada (with the aid of an interpreter and a "Murray's Guide,") will probably return to his yacht with impressions of the Alhambra more pleasant and more vivid than those which any other visit may have made upon him in Spain. Working Eastward from Malaga, his next anchorage will be Almeria Bay. I have mentioned this anchorage previously, and have nothing to add to the description given in the "Mediterranean Pilot," and published by Admiralty sanction.

The next point of interest will be the Port of Cartagena. I had visited this port two years ago, and was delighted with all that I saw. This, though not the largest port in Spain (for Vigo is larger), is, unquestionably, the safest and the most convenient in every respect on the West Mediterranean coast. It is one of the three arsenals of Spain, the other two being San Fernando and Ferrol. There is a floating dock here, capable of taking in the largest ironclad afloat. The yachtsman will find everything he requires in this port ; coal, water, and provisions of all sorts can be obtained, while repairs, if required for his vessel, may be arranged for, and will be admirably executed. The English Consul will give every information which may be requested in regard to the best firms with whom to deal, and, altogether, I can promise my readers a pleasant and profitable visit, should they agree to enter and take advantage of what the harbour has to offer. There is no



AMALFI.

necessity to engage the services of a pilot, as the port is exceedingly easy of access. I should, however, recommend any yachtsman approaching this harbour, whether by night or day, to take a pilot, simply on the ground that, after entering, he will probably be placed in the best available position, in a better one indeed than he would be able to pick out for himself. The Harbour Master, also, is less likely to move him into another anchorage, if he has ascertained that a pilot has been employed. I need hardly remind my readers, that in every transaction in Spain, it is not only necessary to make a bargain beforehand, with witnesses present, but, in all important transactions, to have the bargain in writing, and signed by both parties. And this not only in regard to the monetary part of the bargain, and the work actually to be done, but the date by which the work should be completed. Unless pressed for time, I would spend at least four or five days in this exceptionally beautiful and interesting port.

Leaving Cartagena, the next port of call is Alicante. Its population is exactly half of that of Cartagena; Cartagena being 70,000, and Alicante 35,000, but, commercially speaking, it is almost as important a town. It occupies the site of the ancient Luceutum. Its climate in winter equals that of Malaga, and every doctor, with any knowledge of Mediterranean ports, knows how fine is its climate, and how suitable for invalids. It stands at the head of the spacious Bay, at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, which, however, are sadly lacking in the greenness and verdure so noticeable in hills surrounding Malaga. Though delightful as a resort for invalids, probably

one or two days' visit will be found sufficient. Here, the yachtsman must make up his mind, whether to proceed to the South of France, *viâ* the Balearic Islands, or to continue his journey along the coast of Spain. If the latter course be adopted, Port Mahon (itself well worth a visit), would be missed, as would also Palma, in the island of Majorca. Nevertheless, I should, myself, prefer the former course, which would enable me to see Barcelona, which I should otherwise miss.

Let us suppose that the Balearic Islands are left to some future occasion, and my reader determines to follow up the Spanish coast. The next port now will be that of Valencia, the harbour of which is two miles distant from the town, and is known as El Grao. This harbour, artificially constructed, is one of the finest in Spain. Its area is about 85 acres, and has a depth of from 16 to 25 feet, and no port in Spain is growing more rapidly in commercial importance. A larger number of oranges are exported from El Grao than from any other port in Spain, while the wines extracted from the vineyards in the neighbourhood are supplied not only to Spain itself in large quantities, but also to the South of France. Rice is also largely exported. There is a splendid bull-ring here, worth a visit. In short, there is so much of interest, and the harbour is so convenient to lay in, that I should not be surprised if a week were given to this town alone.

Our next point will be Tarragona, a safe and commodious artificial harbour. This harbour has been greatly improved within the last few years, and a visit to this town will quite repay the yachtsman.

Though the climate is pleasanter and drier than that of Barcelona, two days will, probably, be considered sufficiently long to remain at this anchorage.

Barcelona is before the yachtsman, and he will certainly make this his next point of call. There is no difficulty in entering the port of Barcelona, but, for the same reason which I have previously given with regard to the entrance of Cartegena, I would strongly advise, when entering the harbour the engagement of a pilot. Great improvements have been made of late years in the construction of this port, and are still going forward. So interesting is this town, that I should not be surprised were my reader to put aside a week, exclusively, for the purpose of visiting points of interest within easy reach of the anchorage. Barcelona is the chief city in the principality of Catalunia, and, both for industry and enterprise, far exceeds even the port of Alicante. Its history has been admirably condensed by Murray. To yachtsmen it possesses one very great charm, for there are no less than four inner ports, any one of which he may select for his anchorage, and each port is safe from all winds and any weather however inclement. In 1888, no less than 300 British vessels entered this port. Its population reaches nearly half a million. There is an English Consul and Vice-Consul here, and coal, water, and repairs of all descriptions can be arranged for. I do not propose to lay before my readers the points of interest, the greater number of which are alluded to in "Murray," but I must ask them, at least, not to quit the place till a visit has been made to the Theatre, now of such historical interest since the perpetration of the outrage by

Anarchists in 1893, its magnificent Cathedral, the Bull-ring, and the Church of Santa Maria dal Mar. In the Cathedral, one cannot fail to be interested in the arms of Henry VIII. of England, who was a Knight of the Golden Fleece, an installation of which order was held by Charles V. in 1519. The arms alluded to of Henry VIII. will be found emblazoned over the Stalls. There is an interesting excursion to the Monastery of Mountserrat, 32 miles distant by rail, and declared to be the most lovely spot in Europe after Taormina.

Here the yachtsman will have to decide whether he will ask the ladies of his party to face the Gulf of Lyons, or advise them to go by rail and meet the yacht at Toulon. Personally, I have such a dread from what I know myself, from what I have heard, and from what I have read of the Gulf of Lyons, that, except favoured by unusually happy circumstances, I should certainly advise every indifferent sailor I had on board to accept the alternative of the journey by rail. In volume I. of the "Mediterranean Pilot," page 12, the authors remark: "North Westerly gales blow with much violence on the coast of Africa, and in the Bay of Valentia, and are especially strong in the Gulf of Lyons." This may be said to be true generally in all months from October to April. I hope, therefore, I may be considered to have given good advice in this respect.

It may not be out of place here to quote again from the "Mediterranean Pilot" (volume I., page 13), some remarks in reference to the indications given by the barometer of coming changes in wind and weather:—

"In endeavouring to forecast weather, therefore, seamen should consider the normal or average pressure proper to the locality at the season of the year; the rapidity of the change, with other signs which are familiar, observing that in the Northern hemisphere effect of the veering of the wind on the barometer is according to the following law:

With EAST, S.E. and SOUTH WEST winds, barometer falls.

With S.W. winds, ceases to fall, and begins to rise.

With WEST, N.W., and NORTH winds, rises.

With N.E. winds, ceases to rise, and begins to fall."

In my opinion (and I have travelled and voyaged nearly all over the world), there are few places where heavier gales blow than in the Gulf of Lyons, and I strongly recommend any ladies or gentlemen, who are bad sailors, not to cross that gulf unless they are prepared, and well prepared, for very heavy weather. With the exception of the North Sea and the West coast of Ireland, I know of no place on this globe where the winds are so variable, and where they blow with greater force than in this ill-famed gulf.

Before quitting Barcelona, however, I should like to mention that what is true politically of Southern Spaniards, is not true of the inhabitants of Barcelona. Whatever faults may be found with them, they are certainly not politically asleep. Their opinions may be extreme, or exaggerated, or wrong, but they hold opinions, and they hold those opinions very strongly. Barcelona is the centre of Trades Unionism, so far as that organization has any hold whatever on the people of Spain.

The deliberations of the Trades Unions in Barcelona help to form and mould to a considerable degree the opinions of the whole of the working classes in Spain, whenever and wherever these classes can be got to think on political subjects at all. What those opinions are can be found in the work of Mr. Lee Meriwether, entitled "Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean." They are given in his book at some length, but they seem to me to be condensed on page 175, where a description is given of a cheap chromo, which was displayed in the shop windows of Barcelona a few years since, and which seemed to indicate the direction of the incoming tide of public opinion. What was true then of the political views held by the working classes, is equally true to-day:—

"These chromos are powerful object lessons for the crowds of common people who stand before the windows and study them. One of the chromos represents an arch, on the keystone of which is a King in robes of purple. From the mouth of the King come the words, 'Os gibierno a todos' (I govern all). Beneath the King is a gay cavalier, with sword and plume, and jaunty cap. The cavalier is saying 'Os mando a todos' (I command all). Beneath the cavalier is a shovel-hat priest, prayer book in hand, saying 'Rezo por todos vosotros' (I pray for you all). Then comes the judge, pompous and well fed, 'Hago mi usgocis cou todos vosotros' (I live upon you all). Then the beggar, one-legged, hat in hand, 'Os pido limosua a todos' (I beg from all). Then last of all, with brawny shoulders and straining muscles, standing like two columns supporting the arch, are two men representing labour, 'Sostenemos a todos' (We support all)."

Such is the political aspect of Barcelona. If the inhabitants of this town differ, and differ widely, from those of Southern Spanish towns in matters political,

their views, religiously, differ equally. The gross ignorance and superstition, which I spoke of as reigning in and around Granada, is here conspicuous by its absence, and Roman Catholicism shows itself in a light which resembles more closely what the best and most enlightened Roman Catholics would desire, than in any other town or locality that I know of in Spain.

Works of Charity and of Mercy are numerous in Barcelona. Hospitals, Dispensaries, Alms-houses, are better regulated, and better supported, than in any other towns I have previously mentioned. Other Christian denominations, as well as Jews, enjoy a freedom of worship and an absence of petty persecution unknown, in the same degree, elsewhere in this country.

I fear, as regards Spain in general, I have but few words of encouragement to give to bicyclists, the roads, generally, are bad and ill adapted to bicycle riding. I have previously referred to the difficulties and disadvantages attending bicycle riding in Malaga, but I can now say that, in regard both to Alicante and Barcelona, there are distinct advantages, within the limits of these towns, which the bicyclist may take advantage of, and, on a few roads, pleasant rides may be taken for short distances. The rider will, however, become aware, after he has gone about 3 or 4 miles from either of these centres, that the roads become much worse. I advise any enthusiast not to bring his own bicycle to Spain, but to hire his machine at each town which he happens to call at, and get information as to the best roads, and the state of those roads, from the person from whom he hires. By this

means, all trouble at the Custom House, and possibly with the English Consul, in regard to landing a bicycle, will be saved. Even to the yachtsman, who like myself carries a bicycle on board, much trouble, in the end, will be saved, as well as expense, if he trusts to the local bicycle establishments, which may be found now in almost all the principal towns in Spain, reserving his own bicycle for use in France or Italy.

The visitor to Barcelona will, in the course of a few weeks' stay, have seen most of its sights, and participated in most of its enjoyments. The time will then have arrived to quit this port for the stormy Gulf of Lyons, and the yachtsman will be fortunate indeed if he succeeds in crossing that gulf in even moderately good weather. The best advice that I can give him will be to wait till the conclusion of some hard blow or gale, and put to sea immediately, trusting in the old fashion saw that "after a storm comes a calm." I am not inclined to dispute this, but I can only say, as regards the Gulf of Lyons, that the calms are of an unusually short duration. I shall have something to say later on with respect to the most suitable rig, and the most suitable vessel, for cruising in the Mediterranean, but, for the present, we will pass on, and suppose that our yachtsman has thought right to visit Marseilles, before meeting the remainder of his party at Toulon.

The discomforts of living on board a yacht at Marseilles are, to my mind, so great, that I should be inclined to leave the yacht for a day or two, and take up my residence at one of the good Hotels in the town. I may here say there are no difficulties to be

met with in entering the port of Marseilles, but the yachtsman should remember, on entering the port, that he has quitted Spanish territory and is now in French waters.

The pratique papers will here be closely examined, and, if there has been any danger of contagious disease coming from Spain, the yachtsman will have done wisely should he have secured at Barcelona the additional signature of the French Consul in that town. This will save him much trouble at the Health Office at Marseilles. It is even of greater importance, when leaving Marseilles, to ascertain whether there has recently been any outbreak of cholera, or other disease, which would cause the yacht to be placed in quarantine in any other port which he may desire to visit after leaving Marseilles. Any requisites that may be desired for the yacht, together, of course, with supplies of coal and water, can easily be obtained at this port.

The yachtsman has now left behind him much bribery and corruption, and, though French officials may not be absolutely immaculate persons, I should advise the visitor to Marseilles, or, indeed, to any other French port, to treat them as he would English officials, indeed he should be doubly civil.

The port of Marseilles is, from many points of view, not a pleasant one to lay in. There being too much smoke, too much noise, and far too many smells to make it enjoyable to live on board, the sooner the yachtsman can quit that port and go to some other, the more satisfaction he will certainly give to the guests he has with him. He will remember that, although now across the worst part of

the Gulf of Lyons, he is neither clear of it nor of its gales, and, in seeking for a favourable opportunity to go to sea, he can hardly do better than consult the very courteous Harbour Master in regard to the probable weather for the next 24 hours.

Having now fixed upon the right day and hour upon which to sail, his next place of call will probably be Toulon. Before quitting Marseilles, however, he should ascertain what the regulations are with reference to anchorage in French naval ports. These regulations have changed so often during the last two or three years, that it is of great importance to find out exactly what the regulations are at the time the yacht quits Marseilles, so as to prevent disappointment when coming to an anchor in any other French port. Supposing, however, that Toulon should now be open to yachts (and this is a point well worth inquiring about), one cannot fail to be struck by the excellence of all the arrangements made for the convenience of vessels by the Harbour Master.

Toulon is to-day the greatest Mediterranean arsenal of France, and as a Naval port is second only to Brest.

As on board every yacht there is almost sure to be some person interested in photography, it may be as well for me to remind the reader, that the taking of photographs in or near French fortified towns is a most hazardous and dangerous experiment. Perhaps no nation is more anxious to preserve its fortifications from the intrusion of the photographer than is the French, and if the prison doors seem always open to receive the delinquent, he ought not to complain if due warning has been given. The entrance to a

French prison is, to the photographer, made easy, the exit extremely difficult, so I warn my readers in time.

The South of France, generally, may be regarded as the paradise of the cyclist. The roads are excellent, the regulations at the Custom House, affecting bicycles, are simple, and shops for the sale or hire of first class machines can be found in every town and in nearly every village, where also repairs may be done. The advantage of carying as many bicycles on board each yacht, as there are riders likely to take advantage of this means of locomotion, will be increasingly apparent as the yachtsman proceeds along the coast.

Though there are some points of interest which may be visited in Toulon, those points which are of the greatest interest, namely the Arsenal, the Dockyard, and the Fortifications, are impossible, or difficult, of access to the foreigner. For this reason I conclude, that unless repairs, or coal, or water, are required for the yacht, the stay at Toulon will not be a very long one.

The next point of interest which will engage our attention will be the harbour of Cannes. This harbour has been greatly improved during the last three or four years. Only four years ago, when I stayed there, it was not uncommon to find yachts moored with their sterns on to the mole, laying side by side with one, or possibly two colliers discharging coal. All this has been greatly improved; yachts now have their separate berths, as the mole has been considerably extended. The entrance, however, is a narrow one, and the most recent charts should be consulted before approaching the port. Much as

this harbour has been improved of late, I doubt whether any yachtsman would be inclined to remain here for more than a few days.

The only ports along the Riviera where he is likely to make any considerable stay are Nice, Genoa, and Villefranche. To anchor at this latter place, permission must be obtained from the French authorities. I have heard that there is considerable difficulty in getting leave for any foreign yacht to stay here for more than a night or two. The majority of yachtsmen cruising along the South Coast of France, as a matter of fact, make their head-quarters at Nice, and use the railway along the coast for visiting the various points of interest, rather than run the risk of taking their vessels into doubtful anchorages with uncertain weather. Genoa, of course, is an excellent harbour in every respect, and, like Nice, is capable of containing with comfort any number of yachts likely to arrive there.

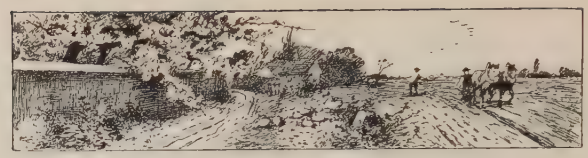
Supplies of all descriptions, including, of course, coal and water, can readily be obtained at either port, but repairs are better done at Genoa. Should, however, extensive refittings be required, Leghorn, which is not far distant, can be strongly recommended. I am, at this moment of writing, having very extensive repairs and alterations made in my yacht at this latter port, and the firm of Signor Orlando can be thoroughly trusted, both as regards price and excellence of work. For work of first class order, I would, myself, as soon trust this firm at Leghorn, as I would any in Cowes, Southampton, or Glasgow.

The courtesy of the Italian Government in admitting yachts into the inner anchorage at Leghorn,

while undergoing alterations, is commendable. I would rather have repairs done at Leghorn than at any other port in the Mediterranean; still, should the yachtsman not feel inclined to go so far Eastward, good work can be done at Nice. A large yacht store has, during the last few years, been established there, and owners will find that there is little difference between the charges made here, and those they have been accustomed to pay at home.

I have given the best account I could of the various anchorages between Gibraltar and Genoa, in condensed form. Full particulars are admirably given in the "Mediterranean Pilot," and "Murray's Guide" (both of which I have frequently alluded to), and which will supply the yachtsman with all the information he requires.

Should the work I am now engaged in prove attractive to the public, I should hope to complete a Mediterranean series. That is to say, in addition to a short description of the ports visited, or intended to be visited, I should like also to give one or two photographs of each port, as that port appears to the spectator on entering. It is only in this manner that a birdseye view can be obtained; for no matter how admirable the description in any works on the Mediterranean may be, unless sketches or photographs are given of the places so described, only an inadequate notion of what is likely to be seen can possibly be conveyed. Until every port has been photographed, and an accompanying short sketch of how to enter that port has been given, no complete view of the pleasures of the Mediterranean will be before the public.



Chapter VI.

THE next Winter tour I propose to describe will include the Balearic, Sardinian, Sicilian, and Maltese Islands.

The yachtsman, as in the last tour, will, I presume, start from Gibraltar, and go on to Malaga and Alicante in the same way as if he were intending to follow the route just described. At Alicante, however, he will branch off for the Balearic Islands, anchoring the first night off the island of Formentera. Here is protection from almost any wind that can blow in one or other of the little harbours which are to be found on all three sides of this island. Proceeding the next day, he will certainly anchor at Palma, in the island of Majorca, where he will probably remain for a considerable period. There are few places in the Mediterranean better worthy of a visit than the Balearic Islands. They are, curiously enough, little frequented by yachtsmen. In the tour which I am now describing, the yachtsman will find, along the line of his voyage, few of the luxuries which can be obtained in the South of France, and perhaps less society. He will, however, have the advantage of wild sport in several places that he may visit, besides enjoying the charm of calling at places of interest little frequented by other Englishmen.

VIEW FROM SAN MARTINO—CLOUD OVER VESUVIUS.

The best anchorage at Palma is abreast the Lazaretto, but there is an anchorage with the Castle of Bellvu over the Lazaretto, bearing about North-West a quarter West, and about three quarters of a mile from the mole head, with a depth of from seven to nine fathoms. Water, coal, and provisions of all kinds can be got here. There is a line of rail from Palma, extending eastward in the island of Majorca. The beauties and attractions of this island are fully described in "Murray's Guide." Although on the principal estates game is strictly preserved, it is not difficult, of course with proper introduction, to form an acquaintance with some of the large proprietors, whose hospitality is proverbial. In winter, woodcock and snipe are abundant; as well as a good sprinkling of hares and rabbits. I should like to warn my reader against a mistake occasionally made by tourists in this island, who are apt to confound the natives with the inhabitants of Spain. The dwellers in the Balearic Islands are particularly proud of their origin, and exceedingly dislike being called Spaniards. The men are remarkably fine, hard-working, and enterprising; the women graceful and handsome. The costume of the men is picturesque. They wear white Moorish breeches, open-breasted silk waistcoats, black or white stockings, and leather shoes. Black cloth jackets, a pretty coloured sash, and a handkerchief nicely tied round the head, completes their attire. The women are also prettily dressed.

These islands have enjoyed freedom from revolution, and all but perpetual tranquility. Brigands are unknown. Should the yachtsman be fortunate in making

the acquaintance of any leading inhabitants, nothing would surprise me less than to hear that he has been unable to tear himself away under three or four weeks. When, however, he decides to leave Palma, he will go to the island of Minorca, and will be astonished at the beauty and excellence of Port Mahon. It affords the most perfect shelter from all winds. It is easy of access, the yachtsman requiring no pilot to enter, and he can anchor off the town in about five or six fathoms of water. I have myself the most lively and pleasant recollections of the place, of the extreme civility of the English Consul, and of some capital sport which I obtained, through his good offices, at the further end of the island. There is good rock pigeon shooting near the entrance of the harbour, but I should like to give warning against too close an approach to the sentries guarding the Arsenal which lays on the northern side of the entrance to the port. Although provisions of all descriptions, as well as coal and water, can be obtained here, they will not be found so good, so abundant, or so cheap as at Palma, the anchorage he has just left. I should, therefore, recommend that only provisions for daily use should be bought. There are a few residencies of the old nobility on the island, and these contain priceless treasures, but it is somewhat difficult to obtain an introduction, unless from some friends previously known in the island of Majorca.

I have not mentioned Iviza, indeed I have purposely passed it over, as I thought the towns of Palma and Port Mahon would, probably, take up all the time the yachtsman would care to give to these islands.

From Port Mahon, the yachtsman will, naturally, sail Eastward to Sardinia, and Cagliari will, probably, be his first port of call. I was there for three weeks, four years ago, and anchored inside the mole, hauling the vessel's stern in to within twenty or thirty yards of the shore. Although there are inconveniences in anchoring outside, were I again to visit Cagliari, I would anchor in the roadstead in preference. A heavy sea very often comes in behind the mole, and vessels get knocked and jostled against each other in a way which is far from pleasant. The first thing to do on arriving at Cagliari, is to inquire into the state of the country. When I was there, the larger portion of the country was disturbed, and more or less dangerous to travellers. A friend of mine and myself went up the country for pig shooting, about thirty miles distant, taking, of course, all risks, but fortunately accompanied by the English Consul of Cagliari, whose knowledge of the people and of the language was of great assistance to us. We all spoke Italian, but the language up the country more commonly in use is Sarde, of which neither my friend or myself had any knowledge whatever. I confess to being heartily glad when, at the end of our shooting tour, I found myself safe on board the yacht. To enjoy sport thoroughly, one's life ought not to be in perpetual peril, and this was very often the case when travelling in Sardinia. I hardly know what to recommend in reference to visiting points of interest in this island, as so much must depend upon the tranquility of the country. Provisions at Cagliari are only moderately good, coal very expensive, and water rather difficult to get on board. There is good

snipe shooting opposite the anchorage, on the farther side near the head of the Bay, but it differs considerably in different years. The Consul is politeness itself, and the yachtsman will not do wrong if he places his enjoyments, and a sketch of the tour he may desire to make round the island, in his hands. N.B.—There is no port in Sardinia where provisions are really good and cheap, so do not consult him on this point.

Should the island be in a quiet and peaceable condition, there is much of interest for the traveller. The mountains are covered from their base to their summit with dense forests of chestnuts, oaks, beeches, larches, pines, and cork. I was much struck with the beauty of the country; the inhabitants were then in a fairly peaceable frame of mind. Good sport is also to be obtained; there is here good fishing, good shooting, both of wild boar and small game, and lovely excursions into mountainous districts inland to tempt the visitor. An almost unequalled scenery will further repay the discomfort of one or two nights spent amongst the natives. An interpreter is a necessity, and the Consul at Cagliari had better be consulted as to which he considers the best. The smaller the amount of money which the traveller takes with him the better, and the more fully armed and numerous the travellers, the less likely are they to be interfered with.

A large portion of the land is in Government hands, having been sequestrated from the landlords in consequence of their inability to pay taxes. This land can easily be purchased at a very reasonable rate, but it must not be supposed, that when the

purchase has been made, possession naturally follows. The inhabitants have not only to be consulted upon the point, but have, practically, to be bought over before possession or residence would become possible or desirable. The former owner of the soil also requires his *douceur*. A few Englishmen live on the island, principally railway contractors, engineers, and managers of mines. A friendly acquaintance with one of these gentlemen would be a very considerable assistance to any yachtsman. I do not anticipate that any very great length of time will be given to Sardinia, more especially as the attractions of Malta are not far distant.

Before quitting Sardinia, I should like to sound a note of warning to all yachtsmen who may be frequenting this island. The season for tunny fishing is between the months of April and July, and vessels frequenting the coast should be careful to avoid the nets. The fish so caught vary from four to eight and even to twelve feet in length, and weigh many of them a thousand pounds. The "Mediterranean Pilot" remarks that "the nets required to catch these fish are necessarily very strong, such as would bring a vessel up with considerable weigh upon her." They are, however, not difficult to avoid, for, with an ordinarily good look-out, it will not be difficult to distinguish a boat with a hut upon it, which usually acts as a beacon indicating their position. Another remark in the "Mediterranean Pilot," with regard to approaching the land, ought not to be overlooked by the yachtsman (page 448), Commander Thomas Mac Gill, H.M.S. *Alexandra*, 1887, states: "that caution is requisite in approaching the coast of

Sardinia, should the lights be obscured; as, although it may appear clear at sea, and, apparently, the land could be seen some miles distant, the fact that the lights cannot be seen indicates that there is a thick mist over the land, so that it is impossible to see it even at a distance of one or two cables. This is much more dangerous than ordinary fog, as the weather is clear at sea." If the reader will take my advice, after visiting Cagliari, and, perhaps, one or two other ports in the South and East of Sardinia, he will stand straight across to Sicily, leaving the islands on the North and North-East of that island until his return home in the Spring. Fogs are only of rare occurrence during the months of April and May, and it would be a great pity to run the risk of perhaps long continued fog, by visiting this lovely part of the Mediterranean in the Winter time. Should the yachtsman take my advice in this respect, he will stand across for Trapani, on the North-West Coast of the Island of Sicily. In the early portion of this book, I have referred to this harbour, the harbour of Palermo, and many points of interest along the North Coast, and as far down the East Coast as Taormina. Of these I have given several photographs. However tempting a stay in the open bay of Taormina may be, it cannot be too often repeated that, in the winter time, this is a most hazardous anchorage. I should, myself, prefer to leave the yacht anchored at Messina, and visit Taormina only by rail. Supposing this course to be adopted, the next port of call, proceeding Southwards, would naturally be Syracuse, unless a visit to Mount Ætna should be considered desirable, in

CAPE DEL'ARMI.

which case Catania would, naturally, become an intermediate place of call. Here, safely anchored in the new port, the yachtsman may leave his vessel, and make what expeditions he chooses to this well-known volcano.

Catania has a noble appearance from seaward, and the effect, says the author of the "Mediterranean Pilot," "is not diminished on land, for the streets are regular, spacious, and handsome." It is of great historical interest, if only from the fact that in 1693 it was all but totally destroyed by an earthquake, and 50,000 inhabitants perished. I visited this town four years ago, and made expeditions as far up Mount Ætna as was then considered prudent. Mount Ætna is in height 10,880 feet above the level of the sea; it can be seen at a distance of 150 miles. I have myself frequently seen the mountain from Malta, a distance of 120 miles. From Catania to the summit of the mountain is about twenty-four miles, but probably fifteen to eighteen miles will bring the visitor as near the summit as he will think prudent. Every facility for making the ascent is given in Catania, and from the English Consulate information can always be obtained respecting the best persons to hire horses and carriages from, the best guides, and the best interpreters.

The author of the "Mediterranean Pilot" states that: "water is brought off in boats at a charge of 4 francs a ton." I have myself invariably had to pay 6 francs. The charge of 4 francs was in the good old days, now long since past. I have got very good Welsh coal here, put on board at *22s.* a ton. Provisions of all sorts can be obtained, but, with

Malta within easy distance, I presume the yachtsman will not care to lay in any very large stock, as better can be procured in the English island.

Leaving Catania, the next point of call will be Syracuse. Here water can be obtained, free of charge, from a pipe on the quay at Fontana Bastion. There is a British Consul resident, to whose kindness and courtesy I was much indebted. I know of no more charming harbour than that of Syracuse; it is easy of access and sheltered from all winds. The last monthly mean temperature in January was 52·7, and the highest in August, 79·8. There are few places, to my knowledge, possessing a more even temperature, and none possessing a better climate. Coals I found dear, but the provisions, which it was necessary to buy for daily consumption, were unusually cheap and of excellent quality. The very best meat can be purchased at from 7*d*. to 8*d*. a lb. Turkeys are very plentiful and almost ridiculously cheap; the same may be said of chickens and eggs. Expeditions from this town to both the Roman and Greek amphitheatres are easy and inexpensive. An Opera Company was performing during our stay there, and the performances were exceedingly good. Military bands play frequently on the esplanade during the week, and Syracuse was, altogether, one of the pleasantest ports that I visited on that cruise.

From here, the yachtsman will set sail for Malta. Whatever advantages Malta may have, and it possesses many, its greatest disadvantage, and this is a considerable one, is the want of good and wholesome fresh water. The captain will do well if he fills up with water the last thing before leaving

Syracuse, and makes his supply last out until he again returns there, or to Girgenti on the South Coast of Sicily, at which town there is an excellent water supply. All other provisions are as good as they can be at Malta, including coal. If my reader has never visited Malta, I warn him that he must brace up his nerves before retiring to rest at night, as the bells of the churches seem to be ringing not only all day long, but from 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and up to a very late hour at night. Yachts are anchored in Malta harbour exactly underneath one of the Churches, the bells of which seem to be ringing almost ceaselessly. As the town is a particularly gay one, and the hospitality extended to yachtsmen, both from naval and military officers, seems to know no bounds, a good night's rest is perhaps more often wanted, and less often conceded, to a visitor, than in any other port within my knowledge. Every sort of amusement may be found in the island, and, when once the yachtsman or the traveller has learned to sleep through the din of the harbour, and the ringing of the bells, it would be impossible to find any other port in the Mediterranean enjoying an equal diversity of amusement, combined with the privilege of obtaining every requisite his yacht may stand in need of. Notwithstanding the attractions of Malta, few yachtsmen remain there more than ten days or a fortnight. Human nature seems to require some rest after a perpetual round of pleasure and excitement.

Before departing from Malta, the yachtsman will have to make up his mind whether he desires to return to Sicily, in which case the ports of Girgenti, and Marsala, will probably be visited; or whether he

will cross to the African Coast, and, proceeding round Cape Bon, will visit Tunis. Should the African Coast be chosen, I would strongly recommend an inspection of Bizerta. In this magnificent harbour he will lay in perfect security, and Tunis can be visited by rail from there. On no account do I think it desirable to go to Tunis by sea during the winter season. The anchorage is indifferent, and the anxiety on the yachtsman's mind, with regard to his vessel, will be proportionately greater or smaller as he notices the barometer rising or falling. There can be no enjoyment, to my mind, where there is anxiety as to the safety of the vessel. I have given a description and some photographs of Bizerta, in the earlier portion of this book. I need say no more in recommendation of this port; it is unquestionably the finest in the world. If, however, it should be decided to return to South Sicily, the harbour of Girgenti, is the one which would be naturally sought. Here there is a resident British Vice-Consul, who is ready, at all times, to give information in the most courteous manner. Anchorage inside the mole is always advisable (whenever there is room), more especially during the winter months, but there is an anchorage about three quarters of a mile south of the mole, in six or seven fathoms. The yachtsman will not remain here long, for it is not safe in the fall of the year, when South-Westerly gales occur. In my own case, should I arrive there at any date after the end of February, I should not mind remaining at that anchorage for a reasonable time, provided I had any encouragement from the barometer.

Marsala will be the next port of call. I have never been in this port, as I considered it too shallow for my vessel. Yachts, however, drawing less than thirteen feet of water, can enter and find a comfortable harbour, moored stern on to the mole. There are points of interest well worth a visit, I have been told, in and about Marsala. The wine stores themselves are worth inspection. There are three of these, which, as I passed by, seemed to resemble large barracks, and were certainly astonishing in size. Should the end of February or the beginning of March now be reached, I should stand once more across to the Island of Sardinia, and follow its Eastern Coast the whole way along, putting in to any ports that I found attractive.

The islands to the North East of Sardinia and the Straits of Bonifacio will, naturally, attract attention, and a very good week or fortnight can be spent here. The island scenery can hardly be surpassed, especially in the early spring, when the trees first throw out their summer leaves. If the Island of Corsica be visited, inquiry should be made regarding the trout fishing there. This is so good, and so easily obtainable, that no yachting party should leave the island without testing the merits of one, or more, of the excellent streams which abound with fish. There is no part of the Mediterranean where, to my knowledge, better fishing, or indeed as good, can be obtained. Of course, the island has other attractions, for which see "Murray's Guide." But, apart from the fishing, I do not think this is a spot where the yachtsman would care to linger long. He will now be within easy distance of any of the ports in the

South of France, which he may desire to visit previous to his return home. I have endeavoured, in as concise a manner as possible, to place before my readers the advantages of this particular tour, and when the opportunity occurs, which I have already alluded to, of photographing many of the places which I have named, I shall hope to show, almost at a glance, what the yachtsman has to see, should he elect to visit the harbours which I have indicated.

Chapter VII.

I HAVE purposely avoided making any mention of ports chiefly frequented by racing yachts. They have to keep their racing appointments, and find the best shelter they can in the harbours from which they start. Some of these are in an unsatisfactory condition. The port of Monaco, which, perhaps, is the one more frequently used by racing yachts than any other, is by no means a good anchorage, and is entirely exposed to Easterly winds. There is yacht racing in and about most of the larger Italian and French ports, but first class yacht racing is at present entirely confined to the South of France. I need not say more on this subject, but will pass on to consider some of the benefits, and some of the enjoyments, which the yachtsman may anticipate in a portion of the Mediterranean to which at present we have given no attention. I mean that part which lays between Athens and Constantinople.

In the earlier portion of this work will be found some photographs and a description of the Piræus, to which I refer him. Should the yachtsman, or tourist, determine to spend some months between this port and Constantinople, visiting some islands of

interest en route, he will find his time pleasantly occupied. The easiest method by which to reach the Piræus, undoubtedly, is *viâ* Brindisi by rail, to which port the yachtsman will have sent his vessel. He can then call at Corfu and Patras, en route to the Piræus, and will, necessarily, pass through the Corinthian Canal, of which, also, I have given photographs and written a short description. After Athens has been visited, he will have an immense number of harbours to choose from, on his road to Constantinople. Murray gives short accounts of no less than about fifty of these. It should, however, be remembered that whether the coast of Asia Minor be followed up, or the coast of Roumelia, on neither coast can provisions, excepting those required for daily use, such as vegetables, eggs, and, occasionally, bread, be obtained. The yachtsman should be careful to lay in, at Athens, a sufficient amount of coal to take him to Constantinople, or at any rate to Gallipoli, as well as provisions of all descriptions, that may be required for the voyage. The harbour of Smyrna he will certainly visit. In the gulf of Smyrna there are numerous sheltered and convenient anchorages, but I do not anticipate that the visitor will remain there any great length of time. The town is badly drained, and the miasma which proceeds from the Melês valley is decidedly unpleasant, though it is reported not to be unhealthy.

It is impossible to give a description of the many interesting islands, which the yachtsman passes almost every hour, on his road from Smyrna to Constantinople, but I shall hope, on some future occasion, to give photographs of many of these,

which will bring home to him, more distinctly than any description can, the beauty and the charm of many safe anchorages which these islands possess. He will probably call at Lesbos, en route, for it has two remarkably fine harbours, port Hiero, on the South side of the island, and port Callonê, on the South-West portion. He will then pass on, probably, to Lemnos, anchoring at port St. Anthony, on the East side of that island. Before entering the Dardanelles, he will be wise should he visit Mount Athos, a pleasant day's sail from the last mentioned island. "The complete tour of the monasteries on and about Mount Athos cannot be done in less than a fortnight," so says "Murray's Guide;" but should a fortnight be given to them, I much fear that the yachtsman will find himself short of time on his return visit homewards. And here I should like once more to give timely warning in reference to such provisions as tea, coffee, and sugar. All these can doubtless be procured, especially coffee, with comparative ease, but the quality is not good, certainly of tea and sugar, and the prices charged are, in consequence of the heavy duty, very exorbitant. From the monks at Mount Athos, however (should the visitor be running short of these stores), infortion can be obtained as to where the best can be procured, and at the most reasonable price.

Up to this point, the owner, should he be flying either the white or the blue ensign on board his yacht, may not have come into contact with any authorities likely to interfere with him. Possibly only at the entrance to the Dardanelles he may experience inconvenience from so doing, but, should he take my

advice, he will hoist the red ensign when he leaves the Piræus, and not hoist the white or the blue one, as the case may be, until he finds himself back again in that port. Even when he reaches Constantinople, should he be fortunate enough, as a friend of mine was, to get special leave to fly the white ensign while at anchor there, he will, I think, exercise a wise discretion if he declines with many thanks.

From Mount Athos he will pass on to Gallipoli. This, and Sari Siglar, are the two best anchorages in the Dardanelles. At Gallipoli all sorts of provisions necessary for yachts can be obtained, though not of so high a class as those at Constantinople and at Athens. The yachtsman may look forward, on his arrival at Constantinople, to obtaining all conceivable provisions of the best possible kind, and almost at store prices, but he will have to pass the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora before reaching there. If he will make up his mind how long he proposes to stay at ports of call en route, he will then not run short of provisions before his arrival.

I have said little in regard to the facilities for obtaining water, either in the smaller ports mentioned, or in the islands which lay in his route; but, I take this opportunity of reminding him that it is necessary that his yacht should be well provided with water breakers, or, better still, a boat, inside of which a canvas coat may be placed, so that he may secure water of the best description whenever he may require it, and there is no difficulty in obtaining this commodity, by one or other of these means, in most of the smaller ports which he may happen to visit.

I strongly recommend him, at the entrance of the

Dardanelles, to secure a pilot, who should be engaged for the voyage to Constantinople and back; unless the stay in this town should be of very long duration, when the pilot taken would, naturally, only be engaged for the voyage there and another for the voyage back. As the visit to Constantinople will probably be made during the Winter months, the yachtsman should be constantly on his guard against the extraordinary heavy squalls which come down from the mountains on both shores. Yachts are usually so well provided, both in regard to anchors and a sufficient length of chain, that I need give no warning in this respect, further than to say that I should not like to undertake the voyage myself, unless I had ready 120 fathoms of chain on one anchor, and from 80 to 100 on the other. Good warps, strong ones, and plenty of them, are also requisites which are seldom forgotten. There is nothing like Manilla rope for this purpose.

Proceeding now to Constantinople, the yachtsman should not omit anchoring, for at least one night, from three to five miles distant from that port. Constantinople, by moonlight, which I first saw in the year 1853, when proceeding in a man-o'-war up the Dardanelles, just before the Crimean War, has left upon my mind an ineffaceable picture, which I hope may be realized by my reader. Should the night upon which the yachtsman casts anchor be a cloudy one, or the moon not visible, I would, myself, remain a week, or even a fortnight, rather than lose what I look upon as one of the finest pieces of scenery in the world. The disappointment which follows the close inspection of Constantinople is

natural enough, but the beauty of the scene by moonlight will remain in the observer's mind long after he has forgotten the dirt, the squalor, and the smells which he is sure to meet with in many parts of that town. I do not propose to speak of what may be seen or done at Constantinople, every guide book has expatiated upon these points.

A visit to Scutari, where so many of our gallant soldiers lay buried, will naturally be made, and I would entreat the yachtsman not to be content with a land visit, or even a visit by steamer to Therapia and Buyukdereh, but to take his yacht and anchor in the beautiful bay separating these two towns, known as Kefeli Keui. Horses can be hired at Constantinople, and kept at Therapia, from which place expeditions up the beautiful valley leading to Belgrade can be made on horseback. Bicycles, though doubtless useful in fine weather when the roads have been repaired, are useless during the winter time; they can, however, when required, be hired, or bought at Constantinople. The return route will, probably, be the reverse of the one taken on the road out, that is to say, if the coast of Asia Minor has been followed one way, the Roumelian coast will naturally be followed on the other.

I know of no part in the Mediterranean which has been so little photographed, and I look forward with great pleasure to the time when it may be possible for me to obtain, and to lay before my readers, photographs of most of the places of interest which may be called at, in the same way that I have done along the route stretching from Gibraltar *viâ* the coast of Africa to Athens.

Chapter VIII.

WITH regard to the best yacht, or the best description of yacht, suitable for Mediterranean cruising, it is absolutely impossible to give anything but the most general advice. A man has to consult his purse, as well as the time at his disposal, before he can settle the class of vessel most suitable for his purpose. A few, however, of what seem to me to be mistakes made by yachtsmen, may, perhaps, be hinted at without, I hope, giving offence. Owners would, themselves, be loath to own that they had ever made a mistake in settling so important a question. What, however, seems to me to be an error, is the desire, when building or buying a yacht, to have engines of such power that they will drive the vessel faster than in practice will be found necessary. This, in itself, adds somewhat to the discomfort of the vessel, in consequence of the room taken up by boilers and engines, which, being larger than required, will be found seriously to curtail the accommodation of the passengers. Owing to what seems to me to be a useless desire to be able to go at extraordinary speed, not only has a loss of space been entailed, but these greyhound vessels must be built very narrow

in their beam, in proportion to their length. They can hardly be considered good sea boats, in the old fashioned sense of the term, though, comparatively speaking, doubtless one snake-like vessel will be superior to another in sea going qualities. To my mind, the perfect yacht for Mediterranean cruising would be one the full speed of which should not exceed eleven, or at the most, twelve knots, the economical speed then being about nine. Of course, I am not now alluding to *very* large yachts. In a vessel, for instance, of 1,000 tons, engines capable of driving her fifteen knots would, comparatively speaking, take up little room. In regard to masts and sails, I would, however, follow the same general rule in all cases. Two or three strong, good masts, in proportion to the size of the vessel—masts, I mean, upon which leg of mutton sails of tanned or waterproof canvas could be set—will be necessary, of course. The sheets should be led as far aft in the vessel as circumstances will permit, and every cruising yacht should have rolling chocks fitted on her bottom. I am quite aware of the difficulties attending launching and docking ships with rolling chocks, but the comfort at sea well repays this drawback. These sails and chocks combined should give her a stability at sea, which the majority of our Mediterranean yachts sadly require. With so many interesting ports at easy distances the one from the other, the whole way between Gibraltar and Constantinople, there can be no reason for going at a speed exceeding ten knots, which speed could easily be obtained under steam and sail. The dislike to going afloat would thus be much lessened in the

minds of those who may not be good sailors, their comfort also would be enormously increased, and, providing that time is not of overwhelming importance, I am certain that owners, at the end of their cruise, will feel more satisfied with yachts such as I have described, than they could be with any greyhound-built vessel, of which such numbers are now to be seen in the Mediterranean.

As to the size of the vessel, she should certainly not be less than 150 tons. As to how large she should be, must, of course, depend upon the means at the disposal of the owner, and the purposes for which he requires her. The longest voyage required being between England and Gibraltar, six days' coal, at full speed, should suffice for all her wants. The importance of tanned or waterproof sails in the winter time is a luxury which cannot be overrated. To haul down, or to brail up sails at night, and leave them as they are, without covers, and ready to set next morning, if required, gives an ease to the crew, which will certainly be appreciated. Of course, the whitest of sail covers can always be kept in reserve for harbour purposes, where any lengthened stay is contemplated, and all anxiety to drying sails is dispensed with.

It is impossible to give advice in regard to which form of propelling screw launches and cutters is the best. Electric launches are, at present, out of the question for foreign cruising; should, however, any electric launch be invented, the driving power of which could be supplied from the yacht itself, an immense stride will be made towards solving the difficult question as to which boats are the best to

be carried by any yacht in her cruise in the Mediterranean.

A word of warning may not be out of place here in regard to leaving boats made fast under the stern of the vessel, without boat keepers in them, or some one on deck to constantly watch them. At Messina, I had my dinghey's painter cut at both ends, and the rope stolen. I have heard also of other yachts which have suffered from thefts made from their boats.

Warps also require to be carefully watched, should the vessel's stern be hauled into a quay or wharf. I had one cut at both ends, and stolen, while laying in Malaga harbour four years ago. The thief was eventually detected, but the rope was cut into small pieces, and the authorities there did not seem to care to follow up the case. Self protection, the first law of nature everywhere, seems specially to be called into request when cruising in the Mediterranean.

Another point of danger, in reference to boats and their gear, may be pointed out here. I have frequently seen boats belonging to yachts left on shore in charge of any little boy who may chance to be on the wharf, or near the landing steps, at the time. By this means robberies are greatly facilitated. I find it best never to allow a boat to remain alongside the quay, unless in charge of one of my own men. Should the yacht be short handed, and a difficulty be experienced in sparing a hand for such a purpose, it is cheaper and better to hire the permanent services of some boatman from the shore, whose boat shall be in constant attendance upon the vessel.

Here it may not be out of place to say a word with reference to a question which, unfortunately, frequently arises on board yachts in the Mediterranean, viz., what to do with a man who has given trouble, either by constantly getting drunk, or in some other way. If discharged, he can only be so, by leave from the Consul, or by a Court called by the Consul, should he have signed articles under the "Merchant Shipping Act," and by so doing render himself liable to trial. If found guilty under the Act, he may be discharged from his ship, and his passage home deducted from any pay which may then be due to him.

The disadvantage of weekly payments to the crew will be here apparent, for, should there be an insufficient amount of money due to the prisoner, the owner will become liable for the remainder of his passage money. Should he not be discharged by order of the Court, he can only be sent home at his own request, and, in this case, the owner is also liable for his passage money home. Altogether, the difficulties of discharge are enormous, and, practically, when once the man is shipped, he must remain on board until the vessel is paid off, unless, of course, he chooses himself to apply for his discharge. Even when he is discharged, and his passage paid, the owner's and captain's troubles are not at an end. The vessel will be short handed, and the difficulty now arises where and how to ship another hand. To ship an Englishman who has been discharged, or has run away from some merchant ship, and who remains on the Consul's hands, may be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, and the

same trouble experienced with the old hand may commence again with the new. If a foreigner should be shipped, a series of troubles lay in the yachtsman's path. He has first (through the Consul), to obtain leave from the authorities representing the nationality to which the seaman belongs, before he can be taken out of the country. Again, his knowledge of yachting may be small, and his habits undesirable. Even if these difficulties should be surmounted, it is not impossible that the English crew may begin to give trouble, on the ground that a foreigner has been shipped and must mess with them.

To obviate these difficulties, yachtsmen have had recourse to a variety of different schemes. One is to ship an entirely foreign crew. Another, to have an English captain, engineer, and two or three English able seamen, who can be relied upon, the remainder of the crew being made up exclusively of foreigners. None of these expedients can be regarded as entirely satisfactory, nor do I think myself that any plan for shipping seamen, under present conditions, can be looked upon as perfect. The discharges, which seamen are entitled to at the close of the commission, are felt to be thoroughly illusory. The "V. G." (very good) discharge which is now common, both as regards ability and conduct, are given at the close of the commission, with, it is to be feared, very little regard as to whether the letters were deserved or not. Until some better system of reference prevails, I fear that the difficulties in regard to shipping and retaining the services of yacht crews must remain in an unsatisfactory condition.

The question of the payment of wages is also a

difficult one. The majority of English crews prefer having their wages paid in English money; and though, doubtless, under the "Merchant Shipping Act," the equivalent in foreign money may be paid to them, with the Consul's consent, it is certainly desirable, if possible, to meet their wishes in this respect. The question now arises, as to *how* their wishes can be met? This can only be done in three ways: either several hundred pounds in gold must be taken away from England on board the yacht, enough for the trip, or English money must be bought abroad, at a loss; and, even with a loss, it is only at certain ports where it is obtainable at all. The other alternative is, previously to find out from an English banker at what ports English money is most likely to be obtainable, and to take circular or English Bank notes, of sufficient value to pay the wages of the crew, and other expenses that may be incurred on the trip. No course which may be adopted will be considered entirely satisfactory, but the one I have found the best for my own purpose has been, to keep a reserve sum of £100 in gold always on board, and to trust to Bank or circular notes, which I get cashed in large ports, to replenish the stock, whenever this sum has been diminished by calling at ports where English gold was not obtainable.

I have here stated some of the principal difficulties which lay in the yachtsman's course. It is, perhaps, difficult to discover any method of foreign travel devoid of difficulty; I know, however, of no method which, on the whole, may be considered to give more satisfaction than that which the owner of a good substantial ocean-going yacht enjoys. The fact

speaks for itself, that very few yachtsmen (indeed I do not know of one), who, having once taken to a yachting life, and being able to afford the luxury, have ever given it up permanently. There are, I am aware, instances of men who, having tried a sea-going life, and having found it unsuitable, either to themselves or to their friends, in consequence of sea sickness, have been compelled against their will to give it up, but these instances are few and far between.

By far the most serious difficulties the yachtsman has to contend with, and which, in a future work, I shall hope to consider at greater length, are in regard to the shipment, the payment, and the conduct of captains and crews of English yachts. I am at present engaged in collecting what evidence I can in reference to English crews, foreign crews, and mixed English and foreign crews. The question is a knotty, and, to English yachtsmen, a delicate one, but I see no reason why it should not be freely discussed.

One word in conclusion. If my reader is not already the owner of a yacht, and should contemplate either buying or building one, let me very strongly advise him to do neither the one nor the other. Let him make up his mind, after consulting with the most experienced yachtsmen he can find, as to what he really does require; let him hire a vessel for at least a year, and he will gain an experience, in regard to yachting matters, which no books and no personal information he may obtain can equal. Should he consent to put up with this inconvenience (and hiring has its inconveniences), he will, I feel sure, not grudge me his thanks at the end of the year.

If, further, in consequence of a study of the photographs and short descriptions of places which I have visited, and have given, he should realize that he has been aided in his enjoyment when visiting them, I shall certainly feel repaid for any anxiety I have experienced in the compiling and production of this work.

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